

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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# Maclean's



JULY 21, 1980

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AMERICA?**



But don't miss the instruments to Havana's chattered past. The old city, down by the harbor with its fortresses dating from the Spanish colonial period, Havana Cathedral on Calle del Sol and the National Museum of Fine Arts and Ernest Hemingway's house, now a museum, to mention just a few of the "musts" worth a visit.

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## Suddenly, everyone's a 'Gaullist'

By Maria McDermid

"You will see," a beleaguered Charles de Gaulle once vowed to a confidante. "After my death, they will all be Gaullists." Not quite 10 years after his burial in the tiny Lorraine village of Colombey-les-deux-Églises that prediction rings with exactly the measure of cynical irony for which the founder of the French Fifth Republic was noted. Last month, as France celebrated the 50th anniversary of de Gaulle's first assault on the national conscience—in his ringing June 18, 1940, radio appeal from London calling on Frenchmen to resist the Nazi invaders with whom the Vichy regime had just signed a collaborationist truce—politicians of every persuasion, including those who had bitterly opposed him in his lifetime, were scrambling over one another onto the Gaullist bandwagon to proclaim themselves his true heirs.

Prime Minister Jacques Chirac, the timidly leader of the re-vamped Gaullist party, the Rally for the Republic (RPR), led 40,000 faithful as far to Colombey, where de Gaulle's stonemason marble cross towers over the cemetery as imposingly as his long shadow will broode over French politics. But Chirac's attempts to tailor the Gaullist message to his own ambitions in preparation for next year's presidential elections were undercut by the absence from his side of most of the general's old trusted "horses"—alienated by Chirac's expedient, ideological aims and tactics.

In Paris, an orgy of Gaullist nostalgia and sound-bite-hungry banquets was capped off with fireworks. But the loudest blast came at the news that President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing planned to make a speech at the restaurant shrine of Mont Valérien—one place where de Gaulle had always maintained a respectful silence. To the Gaullists, Giscard's intention was a potent heresy—yet new reminders of how the general's heritage was being exploited and twisted by the man they regard as his ultimate betrayer. (During France's 1958 constitutional referendum, Giscard, then an influential member of the National Assembly, broke ranks to urge a no vote which eventually was not, provoking de Gaulle's doubt.) The Gaullists' outburst forced Giscard to find a different position.

Gaullists have never forgiven Giscard's treason, but it is not by any means the only one of which they accuse him. Indeed, in the wake of the *seizième* controversy caused by the president's current foreign-policy quickstep, the *gauchistes* underline the difference between what de Gaulle stood for and what Giscard seems to be. De Gaulle's June 18, 1940, rallying cry—"France has lost a battle but France has not lost the war"—was the shot that set off the resistance, a stubborn refusal to collaborate and be appeased. He followed

that same course later, as president. But for all his noisy anti-Americanism and laudible international independence, when the Berlin and Cuban missile crises threatened the balance of power there was not the slightest hesitation for there in his characteristic lot with the allies. Giscard's international fancy footwork ever since the Russian invasion of Afghanistan has been merely Chapter 2 in de Gaulle's go-it-alone tradition—or so claim Giscard's supporters. But to more perceptive observers and to the Gaullists themselves, Giscard's policy is completely the contrary—a diplomatic dance that is taking up all the aspects of rather too obliging a surrender to the tone of Soviet appeasement. The fact that France raised only a mild and belated protest as Russian tanks rolled into Kabul, that the French Olympic team is being disqualified to Moscow with the blessing of government funding and that the French ambassador was the only Western diplomat not to boycott the May Day festivities on Moscow's Red Square is to them a betrayal of all that de Gaulle fought for. The general would have thundered his indignation, they cry, not flown off to Warsaw to look on with bemusement at the risk of showing a split Allied front; or not argued in Vienna for moderation with the Kremlin.

An increasing number of French critics are dragging Giscard's soft-show with the Soviets as the most blatant form of electioneering—an attempt to buy what *Le Figaro* editor Jean-François Revel branded "the discreet activity of the French Communist party" in next year's presidential race. As long as the Gaullists don't raise their 20 per cent of the popular vote behind a Socialist candidate, the president can be assured of stepping into another seven-year term. It is precisely to shake up the numbers game that former prime minister Michel Debré last month threw his hat into the presidential competition. His candidacy weakens the Gaullist vote party, once France's largest, and it threatens in the end only to benefit Giscard.

In an open letter to his fellow Gaullists, Pierre Juillet, former counsellor to the late Georges Pompidou, invoked the general's historic appeal for an "immense army" to rise up in protest—this time in protest against Giscard. But he ended by urging pessimists intently that perhaps a new calamity would first have to occur. As the Gaullists know only too well, the phenomenon inspired by the general was born out of the humiliation of Vichy. And the same pall that indicated France's growing attachment to de Gaulle's legend revealed two pieces of bad news for the Gaullists: Frenchmen generally applied Giscard's policies and, in retrospect, think that Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain, head of the Vichy regime, was right to sign an armistice with Hitler.

Nerid McDermid is Macdonald's correspondent in Paris.

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## But it can happen here

By Maurice F. Strong

**A** s one who cherishes his Canadian roots, I have always considered a world without Canada unthinkable. But today the world's kaleidoscope is regarded as a real possibility, for the future of Canada cannot be taken for granted. History demonstrates that nations are not the most durable of human institutions. Compare the map of the world in 1980 with the world of today.

Are we Canadians immune to the processes of history? It would be folly to think. Yet, when I come back home from places where people daily confront the stark realities of poverty, war and regression, I am always disturbed by the complacency of Canadians. There is a feeling that, whatever troubles may befall the rest of the world, it "can't happen here." That does not mean that Canadians are more contented with their lot. Far from it. I have never heard more grumbling than I hear today, nor experienced more feelings of discontent and petty squabbling. Some of it is a reflection of the general mood of anxiety and frustration which affects virtually all industrial societies today. But most of it concerns problems that are self-inflicted and fully capable of being solved by Canadians. Yes, in reality, nowhere is the world in life better and the future more promising than in Canada. Only we Canadians can mess it up. But this is just what we might do if we're not careful.



*'The 1980s will be the most dangerous decade the human community has ever faced'*

Canadians cannot escape the pre-fabricated changes that are taking place in the world as a whole. These will have an even greater influence on shaping the future of Canada than the more paradoxical forces that now command our attention. I am convinced that the 1980s will be the most dangerous decade that the human community has ever faced. Technological change will produce dramatic shifts in patterns of, and opportunities for, employment. Competition for resources—notably energy and water—will increase. Turbulence and conflict are likely to escalate. The risks of war are growing. So are the risks of a world economic collapse.

How will this affect Canada? By any standard, we have custody of a disproportionate share of the world's territory and resources. Looked at narrowly, we could take the attitude that this sets us aside as from the land of pressures and uncertainties that will increasingly afflict most of the world. But in the larger sense, we rarely cannot escape the very special responsibility that this imposes on us to put our house in order and set a positive example for the world. Canadians should remember that we are incapable of defending ourselves should our right to such an outcome piece of the world's cake be challenged—as it may be. We should remember, too, that our industrial country is more dependent on foreign trade for its prosperity than is Canada. Both these realities make us highly vulnerable to changes in the world's economic and political climate and give us an

important stake in maintaining a healthy and workable world system.

Canadians have always prided themselves on the values for which their country stands. Though these values are not often clearly articulated, most would agree that they include respect for the rights of others, the willingness to share with less fortunate members of society and the primacy of the moral and spiritual dimensions of human life. I believe that, for Canadians, these values are about to be tested as never before. They will be tested at home in our ability to accommodate the development of a dynamic Quebec within the framework of Canada, in how much the more wealthy regions of the country are prepared to share with the disadvantaged and in how we permit our minorities, and particularly our native peoples, to participate in the life of our nation without having to abandon the traditions and lifestyles which mean so much to them. And they will be tested internationally by the positive contributions we make to world peace and security as well as to the sciences and technology as we are prepared to accept in the interests of the world community as a whole. Can Canadians be comfortable with the knowledge that we are sensitive to developing countries is less than that of most countries and that we have done less than most to open our markets to the products of developing countries?

I would suspect that the ultimate test of our nationhood will lie in the degree to which its margins and pressures are highest values. These in much talk today in Canada about a new constitution. This is important. But it concerns the future more than the substance of our nationhood. The test must be based on values. What really separates us from the rest of the world? How much would it matter to the world if Canada ceased to exist? How much would it matter to our children?

If we continue our bickering, if we insist on placing the interests of our own areas, provinces or regional-interest groups ahead of that of the whole, it will be hard to resist the slide into balkanization which would spell the end of the Canadian dream. If we are not prepared to accept a greater degree of responsibility for the creation of a more equitable and viable world community which accords with the privileged position we hold in the world, the world will not much miss Canada. Our desire as a nation must be but a footnote to the larger history of mankind. But what a shame this would be! What a lost opportunity! For in the present era of unprecedented change and dissent, leadership and example of the kind that a unified and purposeful Canada could provide is desperately needed. No country is in a better position to provide it. What a thrill it would be to participate in building this kind of Canada!

Maurice F. Strong is the honorary chairman of the First Global Conference on the Future being held in Toronto this week.



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# Inch by inch by inch

By Val Ross

"No place left to haven't been," yawns Vern Doucette. For 38 years Doucette has crossed the country as a field officer with the Geographic Survey of Canada. When he started out in 1952, a 30-year-old decorated war hero with shiny feet and blue eyes gleamed from flexing on the horizon, it really was still possible to be something of an explorer, to answer that ancient human urge to be the first, to know that his encounter with the wilderness was unique. Uncovering uncharted spots, pointing the Survey's bronze markers into unbroken out, the map-makers of that era were the first Europeans, and just maybe the first bo-

Modern survey camp on Devon Island. Geographic Survey of Canada. Thirty years ago you never saw a field surveyor!



man beings, to penetrate the remotest corners of the country. But Canada was completely mapped, at a scale of four inches to the mile, by 1969. "Nowadays," Doucette shakes his head, "you'll find a seahorse on an top of any mountain."

The white spaces on the map, it seems, have all been filled in, the urge to boldly go where no man has gone before is as antiquated and fanciful as a Star Trek cruise. Now machines are better mappers than daring men. Where once surveyors lovingly drew up their own maps, hand-lettering and hand-coloring them, now the actual drawing is done at the ministry of energy, mines

and resources, surveys and mapping branch in Ottawa, by 500 or so people sitting at huge desktop-shoulder machines. These men and women peer through stereoscopic sights at aerial photographs, correlating key points with computer-generated or infra-red, longitudinal and elevation information provided by field crews. "A helluva way to see the country," complains one man, looking up from the typewriter of his machine. Soon even more of this finicky correlation work will be assisted by



computer. Because of Canada's small labor force and large size, this country leads the world in modern surveying and mapping technology. Canadians have just developed—and sold to at least five other governments—the Geostatic Photomapper, an \$800,000 piece of hardware which computes and prints contour lines right onto photographic maps.

Yet, because maps are only drawn in reply to the expression of human interests and needs, there's still work for would-be Champlains and Carters. As professionals they can join the field crews of Energy, Mines and Resources, the town that has cut across the main-

try to gather point information for the computers at Ottawa HQ. Thirty per cent of the country has yet to be mapped at the scale of 1:50,000 to the inch, for use by land developers, farmers, judges, conservation authorities and resource companies. Professionals can also find work with the two-dozen-plus private surveying companies across Canada whose efforts range from pipeline and mining companies to provincial governments to the Geographic Survey itself (about eight per cent of its budget is contracted out), the surveying divisions of firms such as Marshall Macklin Monaghan bill literally millions of dollars annually. And then there are the expeditions of those well-heeled adventure-documentary film companies. Exploranda, a Montreal production and distribution house, specializes in films on

the highlands of Ellesmere Island and the crossing of the Atlantic by raft.

And there is still work for the amateurs. Having decided that official maps don't tell them what they want to know, they can do what Columbus did—all it is for themselves.

After government survey groups abandoned pony trains and canoes for helicopters, it meant that maps and portages got left off maps. So, when two white-water seeking aficionados, Ray Woodbridge and Tom Brown, decided to tackle Northern Ontario's Wabigoon River, there was virtually no practical information as to "Circled-by people had gone down it," ad-



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into Woodbridge, a 40-year-old policy analyst with the industry of industry, trade and commerce. "But we wanted the world's first complete map of it." After Ontario's department of natural resources expressed interest in using their research for other recreational events, Woodbridge and Browne agreed as expedition. They obtained and plotted a map of the area, recruited a pilot and rendezvoused in Coburne, Ont., on a sunny Thursday morning. The bush pilot who had agreed to fly them and their two kayaks and three canoes into the river's headwaters—he was an Indian who pronounced them "fishin' like my grandpa" said it used to be "nosed bar with his jaw

break on the weather, the men decided to move. They covered their heads and feet with green garbage bags to cut the spray and the up Anishinabe wind. Their map notes long portages and steep hills. "And," recalls Browne, "the river was a joy." Then, after a half-day on violent water, like a cattle the sun came out, its glare off the river was so fierce it became difficult to tell where white water ended and white light began. The Wabigoonwater, dropping 40 metres in 100 km, turned into a kayak's dream. By the next day the expedition was swept into the North French River. At mid-day Friday, with some sense of trepidation, the men hoisted their tent flaps to catch a tail wind and sailed into

and it marks something of an end to the era of the discoverers. The heroes of the society's last great expeditions—to the bottom of Antarctica, to the top of Everest—were either dead or very, very venerable. And the professional surveyors—the field teams with whom Vern Doucette now trails—have become, first and foremost, technicians. From comfortable base camps, where stoked stoves heat up food, they fly out each day. Different teams carry Tellurometers and laser devices (to measure distances from known landmarks), or Doppler Satellite Receivers (which compute their own latitudinal, longitudinal and elevation positions by measuring the

Mapping Wabigoonwater. Near the head was "nosed bar" over Hudson Bay on a night. The world keeps changing.



pieces of their emerging destination in little pieces.

For the first two days, in spite of a cold rain, the going was easy. The men grinded the rapids they passed on their maps. A grade 1 rapid is more broken water, a grade 2, with bays, rocks, river turns and exposed rock, is the outside limit of an easy canoe, a grade 3 the same limit of a kayak, and grade 4 rarely passable. The first few days' map notes mention a previously unmarked island, several portage routes and "rapids not runnable."

On the third day a fresh blizzard struck. The men, equipped for summer, would only stay in one sleeping bag to survive rain. "You wouldn't run in that weather," advises Browne. "With my racks and loaded canoe and no medical help until Moosemen, over 100 miles away, the logistic problems are really quite serious. So we had a coastal at war. We'd only gone about 50 miles by Tuesday morning, with about 100 miles and the steepest drops ahead." And, in their horror, the men had also started fading the bodies of little wood thrushes, dead from exposure to the unseasonable cold, around their campfires ashes. The group's only comfort was that if they did not appear in Moosemen by Saturday noon, their bush pilot would not fly a search party.

When Wednesday dawned with no

Moosemen. Moosemen is a frontier town of some 1,200 souls which hosts 30,000 tourists each summer season, 90 per cent arrive by train (the Polar Bear Express). One member of the expedition, Bill Thompson, who stopped in Moosemen's main street and asked if he had heard the news—that eight canoes had come in, but by train, but by the wild Wabigoonwater. Thompson smiled and said, yes, he'd heard.

Ray Woodbridge admits that it's a remote hope for an untempered river these days. He's just content that he and one of the 30,000 who came to Moosemen simply by train home, but who instead had an "experience." And he has a scratched, water-stained map to show for it. There is still a place for exploration. The bus, as an example, Wines and Resources booklet puts it, "to restore our river people to the accuracy they once had, your help is needed. If you should have positive and precise information about a map error, please write." Meanwhile, Woodbridge and Browne are hunting around for the next river whose map needs amending.

1980 is the 150th anniversary of Sir John's Royal Geographical Society,

Doppler effect shift in the signals they receive from satellites), or the costly and complex air (Aeris Survey Systems) computers. "The field crew's job is flying, landing, taking a reading and flying again," says Doucette. "That, we mean a lot. It's an in-out thing now. Thirty years ago, with all the climbing, you never saw a fat topographer."

The day may come when one sees no surveyors at all. Already the LANDSAT-2 satellite updates the country's portrait every 16 days, although the photographic maps are so small a scale to replace man-made maps. Yet whatever or whatever performs the job, the demand for mapping continues. "Fast as we print them, they're out of date," says the Minister, chief of Technical Information Services at the Survey and Mapping Branch. "Natural disasters, volcanoes, roads and gravel pits—the world keeps changing." He and Doucette agree that it's getting pretty difficult to find an untouched waterway—that unspoiled river, that virgin canyon, that place where Kiley was not. But nothing should challenge the spirit of the discoverer like the almost impossible

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE CANADIAN PRESS

## Follow-up

# New York's tough gun law isn't

It was 11:40 a.m. on Friday, June 13, when Governor Hugh Carey signed New York state's long-awaited and controversial handgun bill (McIntire's, May 3) in New York City, where there are estimated two million illegal handguns, a man was shot with one of them—just 25 minutes later. That weekend there were 12 shootings involving illegal handguns, including the wounding of a 16-year-old Queens girl, pending with her family New York state's handgun war, which is virtually a New York City problem, was still being waged as furiously as ever.

The new bill, which will not be effective until 60 days after the signing, to allow for administrative changes, was called "the toughest handgun law in the country" by Carey, but others aren't so satisfied with it. Under the new law, anyone caught carrying a loaded, unlicensed handgun can be charged with an "actual" felony, with a mandatory penalty of a year in prison, and the illegal sale of handguns has been changed from a misdemeanor to a felony. Illegally selling or selling more than 20 handguns could result in a 25-year jail term.

However, the new statute allows anyone indicted for carrying or selling a legal gun the opportunity to request a hearing pleading "mitigating circumstances," and discounts first offenders carrying an unloaded gun. Ultimately, in the case of plea-bargaining, punishment is left to the discretion of judges empowered to reduce the so-called mandatory sentence. One New York precinct commander called the new law "a lawyer's bill." It just cranks legislation that the lawyers will be able to exploit. But New York City Mayor Edward Koch, responsible for spearheading the drive for stronger gun controls, described it as "a significant first step in the fight to remove illegal handguns from the streets of our city," and added that he might seek additional legislation if necessary. Various described by some officials as "half a loaf" and "better than what we have now," the "toughest gun law in the country" generated gratitude from citizens who felt in seeking short of assuming that the legislature, a number of whom own guns and advocate their use, passed the bill at all. **LAWRENCE O'TOOLE**



## Pay for your own tongue



The recent massive influx of Cubans into the United States highlights both the growing numbers and political clout of Spanish-speaking Americans, who are expected to replace whites as the largest minority in the country by the end of the decade. A daunting task and, for some Anglo-Americans, a disturbing future of Hispanics is that even after one and three generations they retain their language and culture. The most central and controversial issue now concerns bilingual education. In Texas, for example, Hispanics have been accused of wanting to take over the school system, while in Santa Fe, N.M., several thousand children are already enrolled in schools where Spanish is the main language. One of the most vocal and articulate opponents of bilingual education is Washington-born U.S. Senator S.I. Hayakawa. An internationally known orator, he talked recently in Washington with free-lance journalist André McNelly.

**McNelly:** Why are you so strongly op-

**To use the taxpayer's money to create a linguistic enclave seems to me to be unfair"**

posed to bilingual education?

**Hayakawa:** In Canada, as well as in this country, immigrants for a long, long time maintained their own schools—Japanese, Chinese, Hebrew and so on—but they were not paid for by the taxpayer. To use the taxpayer's money—the majority of whom are English-speaking—to create a linguistic enclave seems to me to be unfair. If so-called bilingual education means hiring teachers who can speak both English and Spanish to facilitate the learning of English by the Spanish-speaking child, well and good. But if it is a means of perpetuating a language and culture at the cost of the acquisition of American language and culture, then I am very much opposed.

**McNelly:** What is the glue that holds American society together that would be threatened by what

you call "linguistic enclaves?"

**Hayakawa:** Among the most important adhesives are the newspapers, the radio and especially the television networks. Radio no longer serves that function because the cheaper it becomes to build and operate a station, the more likely you are to have a Japanese-language station, two or three Spanish-language ones and so on. These preserve linguistic enclaves, whereas if you watch national television you have to understand English.

**McNelly:** How do you reconcile your caution about bilingualism and your courting Americans for being ignorant of other people and cultures?

**Hayakawa:** All right, that's a different issue. Suppose you had a great, vibrant Spanish school system and radio and television. Would that make anybody more conscious of China, Czechoslovakia, Russia, Thailand or India? No way. It would only make them more conscious of Mexico City. The Anglo-American does not turn on to Spanish-language television.

**McNelly:** How do you feel then about President Carter's recent Commission on Bilingual Language and International Trade which lauds the American students' declining interest in acquiring a second language and studying other cultures?

**Hayakawa:** This is something that disturbs me very much. I've had my PhD for over 30 years and I had to know two other languages before I could obtain it. But now you can obtain a PhD without knowing a foreign language at all. They'll even count your knowledge of computer language as one foreign language. But what we're talking about is politics. Do you have to have—and this I object to very, very much—people standing for election in front of Minnesota, for example, and saying "When I get there I'll see to it that Mexicans are appointed as federal judges, to the Supreme Court, to school boards and so on." When you've done that you haven't done your duty by the country at all. We've got too many ethnic groups who are pushing for their own.

**McNelly:** My impression is that Hispanics are indeed self-conscious about their political strength and determined to retain their language and to have bilingual schools.

**Hayakawa:** I believe in bilingualism but I don't want to see it subsidized by the taxpayer. It's for your own parents and your own community to provide. There's no point in taxing the Jews, the Swedes and the Irish for it to see that a Mexican had got his full quota of Mexican history. As I say, unless as politicians make a point of their ethnicity and push their own ethnic group at the expense of all other interests, it's a divisive force. ☐



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# Can Reagan run America?

By William Scottie

*Ronnie always told me everything I'd read better from the back of a horse—and he was right!—Manny Reagan*



he star of *Shogun* and many another B-grade horse opera never did win so close a nomination. But this Wednesday, having an unscripted and unthinkable shaggy ending, as conservative America votes its

approval, Ronald Wilson Reagan, actor, ex-liberal and ex-governor of California, will be nominated for the greatest role of his life.

In the rustic, first-term election cockpit of Detroit, at the 20,000-delegate convention, Reagan will formally, with an old actor's smiling modesty, become the Republican choice to guide the United States through the 1980s. "It's a nomination," bawled one Reagan staffer last week (forgetting Tim Leary and Richard Nixon). "We haven't had a winner like this since Ike!"

Nor, opponents note, has the GOP previously boasted a candidate willing—to be sure—to resign the presidency should his physician detect signs of senility. Are Americans ready to elect the oldest chief executive in their history? Apparently they are. Ledbetter's, the London odds-maker, has Reagan odds-on favorite at 4 to 7. Carter at 13 to 45. Jimmy the Greek offers much the same from Las Vegas. The latest U.S. polls have him running 15 points ahead of both the movement and independent rival, John Anderson. And, with little hope of stealing the last laugh from the Ronald Reagan show running on all the top networks this week, Carter has gone fishing in Alaska and Anderson has flown off on a world tour.

The eastern establishment is naturally distressed at the thought of this Californian anti-conservative, after 12 years of campaigning, putting his boots up on the desk in the Oval Office. But the question many ask, none disdainfully, is: can Reagan really run America? At first glance, his credentials for the world's most powerful office—Berkeley College, Hollywood, corporate PR hack, governor of lovely California—seem slender. In fact, they are no more than those of many recent presidents. Eight years in charge of the nation's



Candidate Reagan in the saddle: "We haven't had a winner like this since Ike!"

largest state, with a population larger than Canada's, a great national picture roughly equal to Britain's, should count for something.

Certainly middle America has a taste for the man. In a world of hostages, fuel crises, inflation and Soviet expansion, Reagan positively glows with confidence and reassurance. He's someone whose favorite reading, after the Bible, is *Reader's Digest*, whose favorite TV show is *Murphy Brown*, where the technology always works. He's a past-life barbecue man, who relaxes in jeans

at the ranch with business and movie-world pals, telling every one-finger which way shadows down their noses. Sometimes they go a shade far. Maybe he shouldn't have bagged the poor and blacks in that famous Harewood food broadcast at the time of the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnapping? But that's just Ronnie, says the man in the TV arm.

"According to demands of the Internet group the Symbionese Liberation Army, including terms the British Harewood distributed in a few weeks of food to replace the group's efforts to gain the release of his daughter, Pat, kidnapped by the group in February 1975."

## Can Reagan run America?

chair. He's the candidate who looks backward—to America as it was "and not as it is."

Last week, Reagan opened his splendid ranch, Rancho del Cielo, high in the golden California hills overlooking the Pacific, to the press. They staged California's white knight on his white horse. They saw the pocket fence he built himself, his library on a page next to the movie-making rifle, the porch (also built with his own hands), with Nancy's own car (Thrustar) and up a \$10-a-gallon 700-ounce slice of nostalgia, a vision of the American way as it could be. And all a long, long way from Times, 31, where as Feb. 6, 1913, Ronald Reagan was born. As he describes it in his grinning autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?* "The story begins with the clasp of a bottom: my face was blue with screaming; my bottom was red with weeping, and my father clanked afterwards he was white... ever since then I have been particularly fond of the color white!" Reagan goes on to say that Mom was surely, Dad a love life fresh drink, the family poor but honest. They never considered welfare. Mother had shrewd theatrical instincts. Her charitable dramatic readings in prisons and hospitals stirred young Ron's interests. He saw Mrs. Reagan as a hand on her religion. Her son today attends the Presbyterian Church whenever he can, and tends to a Third International of the Bible.

Reagan's early life is also of America-as-dream job. Straightlaced (he still wears glasses over his contact lens to read), with a string-bass physique, he worked his way through college as dishwasher and lifeguard. He liked to track, played football, found work in the Depression years as a radio sports-caster. That led to Hollywood and a series test. (April 1) I have a young Robert Taylor waiting outside!" There was a hint of movie stardom in a Los Angeles art college, which nudged him, in 1940, "Admiral of the Year."

Warner Bros. thought enough of his screen talent to pay him \$200,000 a year at the height of a career that included a few golden hits. But of his 50 movies over 15 years, most were gloriously bad, and have recently been in great demand on U.S. college campuses. Other politicians have skeletons in their closet, Reagan has *Bulldogs for Bonus*. All prizes are booked for the next 12 months at \$45 a trip.

Reagan began his Hollywood period as "a hapless homebody (I wish I knew for craves)." The shift to the right came in the post-war, Cold War years when



Pages from the scribbled (clockwise from top)—1938 school portrait; posing as Adonis for ex-wife; in bed with Raquel; with first wife, Nancy; in blue at cinema job

his movie career was fading, he himself was aging, his marriage to actress Jane Wyman was on the rocks and, in short, he sought for adventure. As president of the Screen Actors' Guild (SAG), Reagan had developed a political talent for negotiation and compromise. He ap-

peared, for example, as a "friendly witness" at the House On-American Activities hearings in 1954, but indicated the Red-baiters by speaking out for the rights of the German sympathizers he was simultaneously denouncing. A spell as a travelling TV salesman

was the core of his strength. Among the front-runners.

George Bush Pick of the polls: Reagan a closest challenger in this primary gelpop. He has what the former card calls high name recognition factor. His long Washington experience should be useful to a president who has scarcely set foot in the place. But former co-ord Bush, now low his religious beliefs in his closet.

Howard Baker, The moderate who Thinks: Also popular, a southerner born Texan, see with not just. Unhappy he has designed with Reagan on almost every point in the Presidential race (when Ron and Reagan divorced). To abortion and the Equal Rights Amendment. A Not Trans-latter who might counterbalance the lo-vest John Anderson.

Paul LaRocca, The moderate senator would bring in only three electoral votes. He's led edge in campaign charisma and would prevail in a runoff with Nancy and Robert.

Jack Kemp, The barely young New York

## Eyes front for the Soviet menace

It has comfortable 100-bed-room ranch-style house in Pacific Palisades, Los Angeles. Ronald Reagan left work behind at length in Mexico as a correspondent. He can doze about his only worry—the Soviet threat—and another threat that gets less publicly at least south of the border. A portion of the package.

McNicken: You've talked about a North-South divide in Pacific Palisades, Los Angeles. Ronald Reagan left work behind at length in Mexico as a correspondent. He can doze about his only worry—the Soviet threat—and another threat that gets less publicly at least south of the border. A portion of the package.

Reagan: As I see it, an accord would involve increased economic cooperation. It's a very simple idea. We have shared interests. All three countries have economic ideas that can benefit from agreements of the tariff and transportation structures in which Canada, Mexico and the U.S. are involved. We share not only natural wealth but a long tradition of helping one another. My administration would seek to expand relations with friends north and south.

McNicken: But the Soviet threat—do



'We'll have to try to re-establish the respect'

you want to see an increased U.S. military presence in these 'accident' countries?

Reagan: Not in Canada or Mexico. As McNicken said, 'You've seen talked about a North American common security market'—an idea that has not been widely popular in Ottawa or Mexico City. What would you say to Canada that might produce a change of attitude?

Reagan: Certainly after the Carter administration's treatment of Canada and Mexico on energy pricing we have a lot of damage to overcome. We believe to try to re-establish the respect good neighbors should

have for one another's economic sovereignty.

McNicken: Canadian industry is already roughly three quarters owned by U.S. interests. What would a Reagan administration do about the trend? How would it help Canada build an industrial base of its own?

Reagan: That is a topic that needs more study in the context of the increasing interdependence of the world economy. As a whole, and the role of multinational in particular.

McNicken: How published do you think Canadian investment is toward 'donor' countries, with the American exception?

Reagan: Sometimes people forget how old memories begin. But they see on the popular stage. I do everything I can to stay involved and work hard to rebuild trust. The Soviet threat is real. The U.S. must not. I want the Canadian people know that.

McNicken: Is Canada going to weight in next? Do you want to see more Canadian participation in Western defense?

Reagan: Canada has been historically in the lead in setting the pace of the common defense of this world. After this single and valuable contribution to world peace, how that commitment continues today.

in a few months of office—before becoming the 40th U.S. President.

Along the way, he met his second wife, Nancy Davis, an aspiring actress. He married her in 1952, after a long courtship. He was then 40, she was 36. They had six children. He was then 40, she was 36. They had six children.

W.P. pictures (clockwise from top left) Mr. Pickens, Leger, Armstrong, Bush and LaRocca. The screening of his coronation.

McNicken: Is it surprising, however, that he's not doing it? The conservative wing of his local club forms the base for Reagan's own rise to power.

Reagan: Leger, young, handsome, I don't remember, often banded "Nancy's favorite movie" (for his spot in Indonesia). A third wife choice.

Other possible moves: Ronald Reagan, highly qualified former defense secretary and military leader, did not stand out long and—ironically—transforming U.S. ambassador to Britain. She is wealthy. Texas and a wife 40% fund-raiser. But would Reagan take a second first lady to the White House, especially now that the Rogers said "I'd like the two-president idea to do in the morning, work up and see how the president" has taken on "how is coming?" W.S.

into her case as her president, she'd be late. Within months they were married. Mrs. Reagan was in a elegant, politically shrewd woman who influences her husband's thinking at many times. The Reagan family as a whole, however, is little known. Daughter Margaret, a wife of a U.S. Senator, is the youngest, with her own newspaper column and radio talk show. Adopted son, Michael, is a pompous, conservative businessman who helps campaign for his father. Reagan's children, born in the 1950s, Daughter Patti, adopted daughter, is a wife with a guitar player from The Eagles rock group. Youngest son, Ronald Prescott, 32, dropped out of Yale to join the Jeffrey Butler of New York. His fellow graduates have a strong sense of Reagan's straight talk to keep him out of the spotlight, at least until November. And Dad says, a bit defensively, "He's all mine. We made sure of that."

But it is Reagan's eight years in "America's second toughest job" that provide the strongest clue to his possible performance as president. To win California's governorship he fought a hard campaign, playing on white middle-class fear with town, crime, plans, "a fun chameleon," and was a hardline on race issues over mainstream Pat Brown, father of present Governor Jerry. His first two years in office were marked by astute and obstinate "A



## Can Reagan run America?

California performance, says a leading Republican. On Day 5 of his term, he reigned on his chief campaign promise and—blasting a deficit left by his predecessor—ordered the largest tax hike in California's history—\$1 billion. It was the first of three major tax increases that bloated the state treasury. Reagan today boasts that he returned California to surplus in less than a year. But the surplus went on growing and, in 1978, was a factor in the passage of Proposition 13 California's famous tax-slashing measure.

In other traditional controversies—abortion, capital punishment—he



At California's governor (H.W. Bush), with Nancy on the stump and Reagan, son Ronald, follow dancers predict a star career ahead

showed more bark than bite. He talked darkly of a "bloodbath" at the height of the 1980s student revolt years. But funding for state education more than doubled. "He was a closet moderate," gushes one of the Republican old guard. "Not so good as his backers expected," says old rival Jesse Unruh, Democratic leader, "for so bad as we feared." Reagan likes to claim that his administration attracted "brilliant

brains." Many are still with him today. His admirers on economic, domestic and foreign affairs are clearly old California crosses.

These are the men, drawn from a dif-

ferent background than most. One, Americans for Change, is planning to raise between \$20 million and \$30 million to boost his candidacy. In the end, as a result, the California campaign compared to the rest of the nation that five of the "independent" groups were, in fact, closely tied to the Reagan campaign. Charles Robert Shultz, chairman of California's campaign, "Governor Reagan's support group," who openly supports campaign spending limits are looking in afloat to create a financial advantage for their candidate of a vote last seen since before Watergate, when Richard Nixon outlasted George McGovern by more than \$20 million.

Common Cause's Cox, a \$10-million challenger to Reagan's White House umbrella



At about the same time, Common Cause, a liberal public-interest organization headed by former Watergate prosecutor Anthony Cox, filed suit in a federal court against the Americans for Change. Led by one of Reagan's top supporters, Senator Harold Schmidt, they claimed that even if Schmidt's group were independent if he, they said it, they, there was a law prohibiting any group from spending more than \$100,000 on a candidate. That interpretation prevented Reagan's extra financial support could be out from as much as \$50 million to as little as \$20,000.

Last last week the IRS asked the IRS, though it rejected Common Cause by saying that at the same time it would file for dismissal of its suit as an improper enforcement action. As for Americans for Change, Schmidt denied that he "was doing the action" because it would put the heart of the matter quickly. But he is not necessarily true. If they lose, Americans for Change, can appeal to the Supreme Court. And even with an expected decision, such legal maneuvering could go on until October, one month before election day.

Meanwhile Americans for Change can continue their "independent" activities. See a spokesman. "There is an awful lot we can accomplish in that time."

Catherine Fox

member advisory committee, who today form his "Bricker cabinet" and who accept top jobs in a Reagan White House. A starting number come from Reagan's favorite right-wing think tank, Stanford University's edgy, named Hoover Institute in War, Revolution and Peace. They include, among many others, Hoover Director W. Glenn Campbell, Reagan's top domestic and economic guru Milton Friedman and Martin Anderson, and chief foreign policy adviser Richard V. Allen. Edward Taylor, "father of the H-bomb," is a Hoover associate advising on nuclear matters. Richard Starr, a Russian-speaking expert and friend of Solzhenitsyn (who worked there for several months), advises on Soviet affairs.

Of more than 100 experts on 22 task forces now struggling to work out recommendations for Reagan, some 80 per cent come from California or the West. Top names include economic consultant Arthur Laffer of the University of Southern California, Nevada Senator Paul LaMott, campaign manager, and Edwin Meese III, campaign chief of staff, a former California district attorney. The candidate has his eastern allies, of course, but he is looking ahead to the early prospect when a majority of voters live in the West, so the centers of economic and political power follow the millions streaming from south and east to California and the sun-belt states. Central to Reagan's success in November will be his foreign and military policy attitudes. His "warmonger" label frightens one group of voters, while another wonders about his ability to cope with complex international issues. Schwartz is in Washington, and Reagan has never before done a post-requiring foreign affairs expertise. Jimmy Carter had not either, but plans to make this a dominant issue.

So Reagan has assembled a panel of 50-odd military advisers, including two retired generals and one retired admiral, whose good graces stretch back to the olden Cold War days. Almost to a man the panel favors scrapping SALT II, the leading proponent of the MX missile and II number and upper defense spending by at least 10 per cent. Soon Reagan will be forced into a fierce debate over the cost, and the need, for these arms extravaganzas—and how far he intends to renege it with his three-year 20-per-cent "cost-cut" proposal. How Americans voters must could double the question of who will be the 48th president of the United States. Not that there was any doubt in the minds of commentators, passing into Detroit last weekend. They just were sure that the man in the middle, the spot from which life looks so much better, will be Ronald Reagan.



## The sun above, the dead below

It was a gritty scene that U.S. border patrolman Hector Ochoa was seen for able to forget. 30 bleached corpses clustered in the pitifully inadequate custom sheds, eyes glaring lifelessly up at the blistering sun. These were some of the police who had not survived the heat, illegal aliens from El Salvador attempting to sneak into the U.S. only to be killed by 90°C heat on the desert floor of Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, a wild 516-square-mile park southwest of Tucson. Three other alien bodies were found nearby, their clothes equally exposed to the desert. Ten of the dead women wore high heels; their suitcases were packed with fashionable winter clothes. Dying of thirst, they had soaked down cold cream, after-shave lotion, cosmetics mist and even their own urine.

The 12—and two of the "negotiate" who had changed them \$1,200 (U.S.) a head—were victims of a grossly mismanaged clandestine immigration doomed by lack of adequate water during the southwest's worst heat wave of the century. "This is what's normal for a day in the desert," said border agent John Rockhill, holding up four fire-free water jugs. "They didn't even bring enough water to clean their shoes," sighed border agent, who treated 15 others freed, barely alive, nearby.

But the incident, though tragic, caused less than one-sixth of the toll of 200 deaths attributed by week's end to the 41-heat-dread high-temperature agony that had stricken half-river Texas, produced almost three solid weeks of 86°C highs and showed no sign of abating. Most of the victims, said Veterans' Affairs of the Dallas County medical examiner's office, were people over 65. "Their body defenses can't handle both the heat and their aging disease," she explained. And as nurses at Dallas' Parkland Memorial Hospital packed new victims in to so reduce their body temperatures to 40-42°C, the city's normally energy-consuming power utility

Rescuers bring in a body (top), and survivor 'copied' charged \$1,200 a head

it urged the elderly to age ahead and use their air-conditioners and wary about paying—on special insurance rates—later.

One-ail, the heat wave produced a bizarre crop of stories. Air-conditioner thefts boomed, air windshields shattered spontaneously, birds died on the wings in Oklahoma, a section of Interstate 40 buckled and erupted, and expanded railroad tank derailed a 15-car freight. The Arkansas health department warned that the heat had driven rabies-carrying bats out of their summer nesting places, while prairie dog colonies came out of the ground and snake farms extended for hungry cattle.

In the farm belt some were calling the heat worse than the famed dust-bowl era. In Glasgow, Tenn., at week's end they had had as little as 11.8 cm of precipitation in the past year, compared with 16.6 cm in the 1936-37 drier of Wrath period. All over the West, anxious wranglers watched skinny cows being sold off prematurely at rock-bottom prices. In Arkansas alone, the toll of turkey, broilers and broilers killed by the heat was expected to top five million. All in all, it was an ugly picture with a national impact yet to come. As Texas Agriculture Commissioner Ross Brown predicted, the entire U.S. would ultimately feel the effects. "If we could look for a 10-per-cent increase in meat food prices in the next year because of this," he said.

Arturo F. Gossiaux

# Graveside diplomacy



While President Jimmy Carter was urging his Japanese hosts to bury the Japanese A-bomb victims, U.S. Chairman Haas Genshiro last week to "reinstate the threat of the Soviet military buildup," a little-known Washington-based organization, headed by a retired war administrator, was throwing into question the Pentagon and CIA studies that have formed the basis of the whole concept. In the past year, the administration has conducted a determined and successful drive to persuade the American public and its NATO allies to lift their defense spending by anything up to five per cent a year.

In the next five years, the United States alone will pour \$1 trillion into nuclear and other weapons, largely because of fears about high levels of Soviet spending, its potential strength in sea, tanks and ships and its rapid overhaul of the United States in the quality of its nuclear capability. But, says Ross Adelman Gene LaRoque, a Pearl Harbor veteran and head of a dovish think tank called the Center for Defense Information: "While in this presidential year it has become fashionable to denigrate the power of our armed forces, our study shows that the United States military is as weak or scarier for funds." The U.S. and its allies, in fact, superior to its European pact countries in practically all elements of national power, says the report, in particular in the number of nuclear weapons deployed. It continues: "This is the critical measure of nuclear strength, and the U.S. and allies will retain the advantage in the future as plans to produce more than 30,000 nuclear weapons over the next decade are implemented."

As with nuclear weapons, so with spending—in 1979, NATO countries

spent at least \$215 billion on defense, compared to the Warsaw pact's \$175 billion, active military personnel—5.1 million in NATO, compared to 3.8 million, and naval vessels—while the Warsaw pact has more smaller ships, NATO has 406 "major surface combatants" to the pact's 205. As for tanks, CDS Director for Research David Johnson pointed out in a radio interview that, while the Warsaw pact squadrons outnumbered

those of NATO, the allies, as a defense grouping, had concentrated on anti-tank weapons and was vastly superior. In addition, the United States had more long-range bombers, more submarine-launched nuclear weapons, greater overall accuracy and higher alert rates and readiness, says Johnson. The source gets its information from the U.S. defense department and London's International Institute for Strategic Studies, adds Adelman, and the report is equally specific about the way in which, it says, the CIA inflates estimates of Soviet spending by basing them on what the US itself spends. For example, says

Center of service (left) and with China's Haas: how CIA inflates Soviet spending



LaRoque: "The Soviets pay their soldiers much less than we do, about \$7.06 a month compared to the \$44.10 a month we pay our starting recruits." In the report also makes the point that, just as the West will always be suspicious about Soviet intentions, the Soviets, with 28,500 km of land border with other nations and 45,000 km of coastline to defend, have traditionally maintained a huge standing army and "do not attribute to Americans the same good intentions we attribute to ourselves."

If this was good news, neither the Pentagon—"We really have an assessment on this stage," said a spokesman—nor the president appeared to hear it. After a notably apologetic opening in Tokyo—reassuring Japan that the black ink on the map that has a strong cast of international attention to the possible reason for their presence in Japan, the memorial service for Prime Minister Masayoshi Uehara—Carter got down to the main items on his agenda: two sessions with fellow countrymen Haas as well as meetings with aging Japanese Prime Minister Masayoshi Uehara and the man who lately has emerged as the most probable successor to Uehara—the ruling Liberal Democratic Party's Chairman Zenko Sato. The response to Carter's call for Japan and China to share their "long-range strategic concerns" is in order to counter the Soviet threat fell short of being enthusiastic.

While Haas would probably have preferred even tougher talk, the Japanese, with the Soviets much closer to their doorstep and substantial trade ties to lose, tried to keep a lower profile. There was nothing equivalent about the response to Carter's attempt to ally Soviet fears about all this graveside diplomacy, however. Downplaying a presidential rider that relations between the U.S., China and Japan "should not be used against the Soviet Union," a senior Soviet party official, Boris Ponomarev, went in Prague that co-operation between the U.S. and China was "a new dangerous phenomenon in world politics." Then, the Soviet news agency, warned that Moscow had all that it

needed to repulse imperialism, " irrespective of the card it chooses to play—the China or some other." That was tough talk. But Western sources in the Soviet capital believe it may be some time before talk is translated into action. Moscow is hardly likely to do anything further to propitiate the Olympic Games, which last into next month, and, it is believed, also hopes to gain some diplomatic successes at the Madrid conference which will cover the Helsinki agreement for European security and human rights. Preparations for this do not begin until September. William Lawrence in Washington, Stephen Brinley in Tokyo, Keith Charles in Moscow.



## Into the sea for gold and glory

Twice millionaire Jack Gammengut, a doctor in Florida last week of the start of a long life search for the lost Titanic, a quest that promises to be an all-time record for the modern oceanographer—season of marine treasure hunts. More than 4,000 km away, in the chilly North Sea, New Zealand treasure-hunter Lyle Morrison and his team were in hot pursuit of the remains of the vessel thirty years after it was crushed into the Atlantic. When the wreck was found, Morrison was preparing to launch another operation in African waters, which included one of the most shameful episodes in maritime history.

It was on July 2, 1918 that the French merchant liner was grounded by its own proud captain off the coast of Mauritania, starting a two-week ordeal for the survivors that inspired Gibbard to pen his *The Peril of the Mermaid*, which was largely ignored. Only when the *Mermaid* was lost on the beachhead began the search. It was discovered that there were too few lifeboats for the 350 passengers and crew. A raft was hastily constructed and 147 men were put aboard with barrels of wine as their only sustenance. The raft, about 30

meters by 12 meters, was so overcrowded that it was found below the surface by the weight of the passengers, who had to stand high deep in water. A lifebuoy is one of the *Mermaid*'s sea grave and the raft began drifting. When darkness fell the men broke into the sea, and many were lost to the darkness fighting with wind and waves, and others with food and water.

By the time help arrived, only 12 of the original 147 men were alive. Stranded fish drying in the morning at the raft provided meager food. The survivors had had to eat their shoes to keep alive. In the subsequent years, the captain narrowly escaped a death sentence for his cowardice (he was one of the first to jump aboard *Mermaid*) and incompetence. The same story was brought back to Paris and tried for cannibalism. But public opinion was on their side and they were given light sentences.

The tale of the *Mermaid* was written to that of the *Mermaid*. The 1930 film *Mermaid* was based on the Dutch story in October 1926, with the loss of its *Mermaid*—and a cargo of silver—sufficiently north north 44 million. Five previous salvage operations have produced about \$350,000 worth of gold and the ship's bell recovered in 1955, now hangs in Lloyd's of London and is commonly hung wherever news is in-



cluded of a disaster involving a vessel rescued by the *Mermaid*.

There is a lesson for the rest of the gold has run into the same problem that developed earlier treasure hunters: strong ideas have saved the billion over huge assets and buried deep in the sand that the New Zealanders had accurate metal-detecting equipment and hard bearings, and he reported last week that his divers had already made more than 1,500 contacts. "As soon as the sand divers come the bottom we're finding divers to find out whether we're found certain signs of gold," he said.

Spokesman Terry Allen at Lloyd's

which has a close in the *Mermaid* gold, says that more who search for *Mermaid* gold can be divided into those who want the glory and others who want the gold. "They go their own ways because it is a race that is worth effort an equal reward to the man who has a better chance to find it." The gold for the *Mermaid* however may prove the exception.

Agent last week's treasure hunter in the *Mermaid* which sank after striking an iceberg off Newfoundland on April 15, 1912 with the loss of more than 1,500 lives. Gammengut to recover a fortune about \$500 million worth of passengers' jewelry also said to be locked away in the ship's

treasure and among the artifacts aboard was a precious necklace of the *Mermaid* of Omar Al-Bayhawi. But last Gammengut to locate the vessel in water more than six times as deep as Toronto's St. Lawrence is high.

He and his associates do find the wreck and raised it. However, they will do so largely because of two remarkable factors—ocean technology and the unbridled greed of the oil baron from Abu Dhabi. Gammengut has previously financed expeditions to find the *Mermaid* treasure. Gammengut and Allen's *Ark* will surely find it.

There is a 50 per cent chance that "Of course, I know that there's something of a risk involved in a venture like this," he says. But he genuinely expects to get back at least the \$1.5 million he has put in the venture. In fact, he is at least to get a good chance to find it. In the *Mermaid* or no *Mermaid*, the search is as well a noble effort and a documentary film as well as back and magazine articles are expected to bring in a fortune.

Peter Lewis in Washington

## One flies over the cuckoo's nest

It had seemed, throughout, a day much like any other in Tehran. The murder of a small teen nearly unnoticed, as in the case of Islamic mourning, someone might no longer be displayed publicly in the shops. Admiral Abolmohammad Mojtahed, 50-year-old former head of the Iranian navy and mentioned as a candidate for the vacant post of prime minister, refused to take his parliamentary seat when his aides were accused of two close links with the Americans. A plot supposedly involving the arrest bombing of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's home was reported to have been smashed with the arrest of 350 people.

There came a dramatic announcement: A brief statement from Khomeini's



AP/Wide World



office disclosed that American hostages Rick and Quers, who had spent the previous four days in the city's Martyrs' Hospital, where doctors said he was suffering either from psychiatric problems or paraplegia (paralysis), was to be set free. Specialists had decided he should be taken to another country where there were better facilities for his treatment. "The issue was informed," the statement continued, "and he said he should be delivered to his parents and that they should decide to take him wherever they want."

Within hours Quers, a 38-year-old vice-consul and one of 53 hostages still held since the seizure of the U.S. embassy last Nov. 4, was in Zurich's University Hospital undergoing tests, while a startled John Trautman, state department spokesman in Washington, was confessing to confusion that they had learned of the release only from news wire bulletins. "We are pleased with the speed and care with which he was moved," said Trautman. But he refused to say whether the 52 American re-

maining in Iran might soon be in their way out. Quers himself, reached by chance by *Good Morning, America* staff, revealed that he had been given only an hour to gather his effects before being handed over to the custody of Switzerland's embassy in Tehran, who has charge of U.S. interests, and hurried aboard a scheduled Swissair flight. Quers allowed that he was "feeling a lot better right now," thanks to his release, and looking forward to going back to the United States "to reach some of his friends."

In fact, however, his next move was Germany. Tests in Zurich revealed that a neurological disorder—possibly a blood clot on his brain—had produced the vomiting, lack of co-ordination and beginnings of paralysis in the left arm, which Iranian doctors had diagnosed as a possible psychiatric disorder. Further investigation was required. So Quers and his parents, Harold and Jeanne, who had traveled from their home in Lincolnville, Mo., for a bedside reunion, were soon more airborne—this time en-



Quers on way to Wiesbaden, Harold and Jeanne Quers (left, center) take expected

route to a U.S. military hospital in Wiesbaden where, last Saturday, it was stated the examination would be extensive. The spyglass's unexpected move released a flood of speculation about the other hostages. President Jimmy Carter, who earlier had telephoned Quers from his holiday retreat in Georgia, and he hoped the Iranians would release them all. While a spokesman for the Family Liaison Action Group, an organization of relatives of the hostages, told reporters after visiting the state department, "The mood is positive, it's upbeat. Basically something good has happened."

But the hostages' captors and Iranian authorities moved swiftly to quash such optimism. State counterterrorism

with other hostages means thought that the indication that "their well-being is not meaningless to their captors" could buoy the spirits of those who remained in Tehran. But if there were no follow-through, warned the experts, exhilaration could quickly turn to despair.

Now there, in the rush to get his next treatment, say detailed information from Quers himself about their mood. He was quoted as saying only that, after April's abortive rescue attempt, he had been blindfolded whenever his captors moved him and did not know whether his companions had been dispersed, as his captors claimed and as two American journalists reported at the week's end. They said they had tracked at least one down to a sandbagged villa in Lebanon.

Even for Quers himself, 15 pounds lighter and said by his mother to have suffered "tremendously, unbeforthably hard times," some uncertainty remained. While safely out of Iran, he still had a light on his hands—this time for his health.

## Denmark

### A pat on the head for women

The 10-day World Conference of the United Nations Decade for Women may be this year's biggest, quietest event. Although representatives of 150 countries and members of numerous non-governmental organizations were descending on Copenhagen last week's end for this week's opening, few, except those whose business it was, seemed to know about it at all. One of the reasons for that, so the leaked speculation ran, was that the city has run left on its face and is attempting to wipe it off as discreetly as possible. The Copenhagen conference is a kind of sequel to the one held in Mexico City in 1975 (International Women's Year), when a World

Pias of Action was adopted to improve the lot of women worldwide. Since then, however, a recent UN study has revealed that their lot has suffered "stagnation and deterioration," especially in Third World countries. According to the statistics, with two-thirds of the world's work is done by women, women earn only one-tenth of world income and they own a mere one per cent of the world's property.

"Yes, then, the UN conference is a failure?" "Not at all, not at all," said UN spokesperson Letitia Doss, chief of information for the Copenhagen conference. "It raised the hackles and consciousness of women all around the world. But all sorts of things have happened since that first togetherness—a new spirit, population and literacy growth."

What then, in practical terms, was Copenhagen expected to achieve? "A consensus on issues—health, education, employment—and consensus on training on the part of government decision-makers, as well as objectives and areas for action. It all depends on the countries involved," replied Doss.

Not everyone is so sanguine about the world body's performance. "The UN is dragging its heels," says Pat Zanger, a member of the Brussels-based Women's Organization for Equality (WOE), one of the non-governmental organizations taking part in an alternate conference in Copenhagen this week. Chances Zanger: "Women aren't really a top priority. Only one woman holds a top management post at the UN itself. Of all countries in Europe, Denmark is probably the most enlightened in terms of women's rights, as they're generally trying to keep a quiet by holding it there."

One of the thornier subjects arising in Copenhagen will be the plight of Palestinian women, a separate agenda at the talks. Another UN study charged that Zionism was responsible for pushing them to the bottom of the priority list and that "judicialism" of land and labor had disrupted the Palestinian social structure. Another awkward question will be that of South African apartheid.

held, the UN commissioner for refugees, Paul Hasting, will report on the plight of women refugees.

During the conference, plans have been made for a special signing ceremony of the International Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women, adopted last December by the UN General Assembly. But here, too, all may not be smooth. Though opened for signatures since March 1, so far, out of the 28 needed for ratification, only 11 countries have signed. Among the missing names is that of Canada, and an External Affairs spokesman was typically vague on the subject last week. Would Canada sign? "I don't know yet," he said. Only seven out of 10 countries have so far said "yes."

Another who doubts the practical use of conferences and of Copenhagen in world's Lynda Harten. "Yes, they raise consciousness," she says. "But they're very nice, extremely baroque and move at a glacial pace. Women's rights is a kind of stepchild." Or, as Pat Zanger puts it, quoting Germaine Greer, "The conference is a nice little pat on the head." Who will be doing the patting? Well, one clue may be that the West German delegation of 40 people includes just one woman.

Lawrence O'Toole



Protesting women (above), World Conference of Women, West, Mexico City, 1975. app left on the UN's face



# The descent of an arresting silence



By David Thomas

Like last Wednesday, police knocked at the suburban Montreal home of a British-born electronics teacher. The next day, handcuffed, a grey sweat-shirt draped over his shoulders and his blonde hair curling in unfashionably long locks, Nigel Barry Hamer, 30, pleaded not guilty to charges of kidnaping a diplomat of his own homeland. James Richard Cross, the British trade commissioner whose abduction in October, 1976, set off the country's most spectacular and still unresolved political crisis. But Hamer's arrest may do more to obscure than clarify those 10-year-old events. The charges against him mean that the Quebec government will have a legal excuse to delay publication of two separate inquiry reports diving into the complex terrorist, police and political networks involved in the crisis, until after his trial. With Cross's prosecutors predicting no trial before November, the delay could well extend past an anticipated autumn attempt at re-election by the Parti Québécois government, which has clearly lost its lustre to enhance October, 1976. A senior justice department official confirmed to Maclean's last Friday that the charges against Hamer (authorised by Quebec Justice Minister Marc-André Be-



Devault (above), Kramis: hotel rooms and lavish meals for the double agent.

and could render subjective—and therefore unestablishable—already complex reports on the crisis. And, for the government, the lid is on for now. However, justice department lawyers did demand as a general condition to Hamer's release on bail—that he not discuss his case with the press.

Who is Hamer? And where side was he in?

English-speaking, already known to Maclean's anti-terrorism squad in

1968 and quickly identified by a police informer within the *Front de libération du Québec* as an alleged member of the Cross kidnaping jury, Hamer was a surprising oversight—or intentional exception—in the police dossier of 400 arrests under the War Measures Act in mid-October.

Cross's wife, Barbara, had told police that one of the kidnapers spoke with an English accent and that the October Cross' other recently revealed mystery Cross—snuffy police say Garde Devault—claims she informed Montreal police of Hamer's alleged participation in the abduction and told them exactly where he was hiding. But last December, Justice Minister Bédard still maintained that there was insufficient evidence against Hamer. That was before the accused terrorist's closed-door testimony to Quebec's Keble inquiry into police wrongdoing. The Keble inquiry also revealed that police investigators patterned suspects for years to pick up Hamer after the Cross couple, interviewed in 1975, identified him as one of the six kidnapers. Montreal Police Captain Julien Giguère claimed Hamer was spared arrest to protect Corale Devault, the informer, from her terrorist friends.

Devault's friends included more than

she with inquiry Commissioner Jean Keble was questioned by the Liberal opposition. Forget revealed that Keble paid from his own pocket for hotel rooms and travel meals for the divorced, 40-year-old. "They expected all that is necessary to put a person in good hands," he declared. Before the Quebec justice committee last June, Forget produced his "telling" story, then \$1,000, shared by Keble at a Quebec City hotel only blocks from his family home (A spokesman for Keble denied two weeks



Hamer's kidnapping by being his double.

later that Keble had stayed at the hotel or had had improper relations with the woman.) Devault now lives in Quebec City with Giguère and Montreal's William Johnson.

Devault's revelations have already embarrassed the government, whose still-incidental internal inquiry into the *Maclean's* was to have been made public as pre-referendum ammunition against Ottawa leaders, government officials claim it isn't ready, while the Keble inquiry itself has suspended its activity without apparent reason. Liberal Forget says he has learned that Keble, a defeated Parti Québécois candidate, was threatened by witnesses who claimed they would amputate highly placed government figures.

Whatever the real reasons for the delays, it now seems likely that the full story of the October Cross and its shadowy cast of characters will survive its first decade, and the next Quebec election, with its mysteries intact. ◇

## National

### Just the ticket for nowhere

Like an estranged child returning to the family foyer after an abortive attempt at running away, Quebec approached the opening of negotiations as the contraband in Montreal last week with impatience—only to find,

with delight, her sister provinces in a new frame of mind. Said Interprovincial Affairs Minister Claude Morin: "There is not the same hostility as in the past. People seem ready to accept that there is something special about Quebec." Even better from Quebec's point of view, the siblings now openly share distrust of Papa Ottawa's intentions.

Co-chairman of the talks Jean Chrétien added to suspicions about unilateral federal action at summer's end when, in an offhand remark last Friday, he set his minimum requirement for going to London to get the British North America Act "revised." By the end of the first week of negotiations, it was apparent Ottawa's self-willed flexibility in power sharing and reform

seems to be a dud. Said Chrétien's Quebec-born Ottawa Minister Claude Morin: "It's just a little bit worried. There is a tremendous amount of work and relatively little time to do it." Though all participants agreed the work is going well—minus another week in Toronto and Vancouver next—there is a real fear Ottawa would be happy with a consensus on a half dozen of the relatively minor points. Even an ounce of those, Ottawa has retrenched. Long-standing agreements on reform of the Supreme Court and extradition policies seem safe, but family law was to have been all wrapped up as well. The federal government now wants to reconsider maintenance and custody-order jurisdiction.

Everyone agrees that the Canadian



Chrétien and Morin: an offhand remark

to have more than a chance for provision of getting powers over which the federal government will have submitted veto, or not getting those powers at all.

Ottawa promised the provinces control over natural resources but slipped on the promise that the control could be considered in the as-yet-unqualified national interest. Similarly, the Trudeau government wants to entrench a charter of rights in the new constitution, but those rights could be whittled away by Parliament. The charter has so many ifs, ands and buts that courts could be strangled in their incomprehension before the gavel is dropped. Said Morin: "Canada's could end up with fewer liberties than we now have."

There are 18 items on the numbering agenda of the federal and provincial governments. Prime Minister Trudeau wants a report by Sept. 5, before the start of the five days of talks among first ministers in Ottawa. The provinces are that as a timetable, Ottawa appar-



money must be provided, but a 50-page federal summary left the provinces reeling. Said a restrained Remon: "The federal government seems to want to do away with some provincial powers and rights in managing the economy." The justice paper will likely suggest "breastfeeding federal powers to

they may encompass all matters necessary for economic integration." In the extreme case, that kind of clause could leave provinces powerless to give incentives to local industries without getting Ottawa's okay.

Unless days are lengthened and talks extended, the provinces could well find themselves at the end of the summer with major economic decisions unresolved and consultations cut off—and with the ticket stub stashed in the hand of a London-bound Christie.

Anne Byrne

## Manitoba

### A gift tax for the poor

Since Sterling Lyon's Conservatives came to power in October, 1977, the Manitoba government has been noted for raking with its head for more than its heart. Belt-tightening, bureau-bashing and pragmatism have plagued the Lyon's den a reputation for being tighter than the carpet on the cabinet room floor. The latest exercise in parsimony has upset even some of the government's staunchest supporters



PHOTO BY KENNETH TAYLOR

Bill 28, at week's end awaiting third and final reading, amends the Social Allowances Act so that officials can deduct from welfare cheques the value of all gifts given to recipients.

The move stems directly from a Manitoba Court of Appeal ruling last January which said welfare recipients could freely accept "one-time-only" gifts from charitable friends. The court case arose when provincial officials tried to deduct \$400 from payments to Clara



VALUO: WENZEL'S BY ALAN

Wenzel, 46, who has raised five children on her own, now has a daughter in law school and who had never taken a vacation. Her health was poor and a sympathetic friend gave her a \$400 plane ticket and expenses for a 1979 trip to the Bahamas. The court ruled that since the holiday wasn't a regular gift, officials had no right to dock her income. Bill 28 will change all that. "I can't believe

their meanness," Wenzel said last week.

A disgraced Jean Westbury, late Liberal in the Manitoba legislature, decried "The legislation is despicable, but typical of the mean-spiritedness of this government. It goes against all established Judeo-Christian ideas of charity and love." As the law stands, she adds, even gifts of used clothing or baking for needy families could be evaluated and deducted by overzealous officials. NDP critic Brian Corbin says the law will discourage charity to those unfortunate enough to be on welfare. Kindly people wanting to send a welfare recipient's child to summer camp might hesitate lest the charity have its meagre support cut.

Undeterred by accusations of Smeagolism, Community Services Minister George Minaker says the Appeal Court ruling leaves the system open to abuse by the greedy, since it may take years to decide what is a regular or irregular gift. "When a taxpayer calls and asks why a neighbor on welfare is sending himself on a foreign beach when the taxpayer can't afford it, we have to investigate," he says. He allowed, though, that if someone gave a welfare recipient a plane ticket to fly to a funeral, "We're not going to consider that."

Prior Carlyle-Geddes

## British Columbia

### The sound of four hands grabbing

Is a splashy media event, which was long on speculation if short on substance, 26 B.C. and Alberta cabinet ministers with their respective premiers headed together in Victoria's Senate Government House last Friday in an unprecedented mass meeting. The writers and across-the-border exerts

Longwood, Bennett's a floodlit special



potentially came just two weeks before scheduled ad prying talks between Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed, and days before federal Energy Minister Marc Lalonde was scheduled to meet with his B.C. counterpart. Following six hours of meetings, however, the two premiers chose to go public with only two broad areas of agreement. Other common-front initiatives are promised for a full meeting in Edmonton.

Not surprisingly, the resolutions reflected the increasingly hawkish attitude toward Ottawa by Canada's two largest energy-producing provinces. Strengthening "complete and valued cooperation" to a federal tax on energy exports,

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as well, please.

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the two entities pledged to form a resource Policy Strategy Committee both to battle federal tax proposals and to rationalize the natural gas exportation to avoid problems such as the one that sees the current, temporary U.S. gas surplus drastically slowing into vital B.C. export revenues. Another resource slammed the federal government's western transportation policies and announced the formation of another committee to look at the possibilities of joint provincial funding of new western port and transportation facilities.

Potential major winners is all this is B.C. Premier Bill Bennett, who initiated the meeting. Shorping gas sales were limited in part last week for a left-slanting freeze on B.C. public service billing, and Bennett's constitutional plan to "go it alone" without federal help in the costly \$280-million expense of a rail line to eastern B.C. rail depots appears to have become increasingly ominous. A flexible gas policy and a market-oriented Alberta could ease both problems. Potential losers of inter-colonial squabbling, such as contracting construction markets and B.C.'s fear that local gas exports will be buried in a new sea of U.S.-based Alberta gas carried through the so-called "pipebill" portion of the Alaska gas pipeline, were spared even as waves of boomerism.

Peter Lougheed's gas as the exercise was less clear. Clearly the so-called mature quality of last week's oilstream was not in the Lougheed style. However, given his underhandedness in recent weeks as all pricing negotiations have intensified, Lougheed's flood-in signal of western solidarity perhaps was enough.

Thomas Hopkins

Editorial Boarded 87 per cent of Canada's gas, B.C. has 10 per cent.

## Alberta

### Blood money after good

What still OPEC has done for the bluer-skinned folks of Alberta, the international energy cartel is now doing for some of the province's original people. But, like the deceptive money granted in thirty-lane, multimillion-dollar oil delivery contracts, the B.C. government has provided a beginning blessing. M. however, the Indians were not automatically divided over how to spend the funds and humiliated at becoming a media sideshow. They are tenacious out of the western land and twining the good life that the rest of the province has been enjoying for 30 years.

Including a new round of payments this week, a entire fund of five will have received \$16,100 since last March. The \$400-million western Alberta band, occupying Canada's largest reserve (810 square miles), sold \$22.8 million worth of exploration permits and oil and gas leases in Calgary last August. It was the largest single sale by any Alberta band and it was due, in large part, to an oil discovery on the reserve in the spring of 1979 and the expectation of higher energy prices. The B.C. band council planned to take its \$11.8-million share (half the original total) to pay for health advancement and spend it on essential needs such as senior citizens facilities, hospitals, housing and subsidies for small businesses and farmers. Different groups on the reserve, however, formed a referendum on the issue and, in December, 1,800 residents voted 10 to 1 to take out the money in \$200,000 cash grants to every man, woman and child on the reserve. The band proudly gained 135 new members—the result, many said, of Indian riches. The band suddenly rearing their off-reserve common-law wives in order that they, too, would qualify for a share.

When pay day came in mid-March, women disappeared from across the province—swelled as the reserve and set up television cameras in front of Ig-



For more down payments on houses

loo stores and bars, hoping to film drunken revels. Stung, and feeling as if they were "in a box," the Indians banished photographers from the reserve and work up to spend the money on a number of items spread around. New furniture and clothing were purchased, 500 new bank accounts opened, bills paid. One man with 10 in his family paid a \$20,000 down payment on a house, a working couple planned a holiday in Germany to attend Indian Days there.



Beige, rescue for his embarrassed case

Dogs became a symbolic matter. So we believe in economic nationalism or don't we? As was contemporary business knows the answer Jean Pierre Trudeau would be a qualified no. It was apparently his friend and fellow environmentalist Michael Pitblow, clerk of the Privy Council who pointed for the Beige appointment.

But in the interview to the "West Only" Lib. which took little time to help the last season by taking some soft-spoken economic nationalism into the Liberal parliament. The Beige appointment was quietly shelved. Lougheed himself was expected to rescue the unsavoured government by graciously announcing the week that he will donate the \$20,000 gift. But in the words of economic nationalist Greg Decker, spokesman for the National Party of Canada, "What is shocking is that the offer was even made." Susan Riley

and a Leithbridge and our dealer reported 52 cars and trucks sold. "It was a real shot in the arm for the economy and hope it happens again," said Don Major of Condo Auto.

It did. In May, B.C. representatives at an all-chief conference in Ottawa left early in order to get home for another oil and gas rights sale. They came away with another \$14.5 million, half, again, to be distributed in \$1,800-per-capita grants on July 15 and 16. What's left to buy? "I'd like to see them put down payments on houses," says local Social Development Director Arnold Fox. "But I don't know. I've really loved the new one." But Fox admits he was one of the skeptics about the March distribution. "At first, I thought it was going to be a waste, but when I saw the heads of cars the people we work with get their money to, well, I really showed people. Everyone was expecting a real roller coaster Indians filling all over the place."

If the distribution was good for native morale, it was better for the federal treasury. By mid-March, the government stood \$19,600 on welfare payments in the month following the oil payout. Fox's department almost doubled welfare payments in March, payments will again bill after the July payout. But, with up to 100 in the reserve on welfare, things were getting tight by July, and the Bank of Nova Scotia in Stand Off, the only bank on the reserve, was flooded with loan applications. Manager Sue Mayrke says more than 200 loans of up to \$600 went out. The bank, which was out of cash last oil pay day, plans to retrieve its money by taking the loans off the top of the \$1,200 cheques it will cash. Suzanne Zeman

bad month." A relatively dry winter and spring have given way to warming temperatures, which will drop more ice further and cause salmon to congregate in cool pools. There they become easy prey for poachers, whose bag of nefarious tricks includes firing the river off with chains or "battering" the pools with nets or "battering" the fish with well-lashed hooks. Says Stuegen, "It used to be a matter of a person going out behind his house and grabbing a few fish. But now they're into it as a much bigger scale."

To try and control trade in black-market salmon, the New Brunswick government this spring began requiring that all salmon sold in the province be tagged. Failure to have a tag implies the fish was poached and means stiff penalties for its possessor if he or she is caught. Even the program drives the buyer—who can be fined up to \$5,000 and could even lose his automobile—as well as the owner of illegal fish, officials hope it may ultimately stiffen the poachers' morale. However, in the early days of this summer, with the pink flesh of black-market salmon commanding up to \$4 a pound, poachers seem to have lost little of their zeal. Two shots were fired as wardens as they patrolled the Miramichi near Blackie's resort, and showing risks as there is a fairly regular occurrence.

Feeling cautious, Campbell's product "We're ready to go in and clean it out"

which several people were arrested. Since then the situation has cooled and the bridge has been reopened, although authorities are still spot-checking vehicles. They remain convinced the Indians are catching more salmon than they're entitled to. Last week a federal officer, who asked not to be identified, claimed the following: Restigouche Indians are taking 24 hours a day, seven days a week, they are taking several kilometers beyond the reserve boundaries, the fish are being sold in Montreal and elsewhere in Quebec, and the reserve has already received its yearly quota of \$5,000 per pound of salmon, perhaps by threshold. Complicating the matter is the Quebec government's seeming reluctance to move against the Indians. Said the officer: "It's a real mess. We're ready to go in there and clean it out. But we've got our hands tied. It's frustrating."



## New Brunswick

### A black market in pink flesh

Of various problems confronting the Atlantic salmon fishing, none is more vexing than poaching. It's a money-making industry. In Atlantic waters—said recently depletes the resource. Yet, despite deep preferences about its long-range implications, rampant poaching continues. Federal officials have issued 72 illegal nets in New Brunswick's Miramichi Bay and the rest of the bay. The nets are still suffering, especially at the hands of a flourishing so-called Indian fishery.

Surveying the poaching potential on the newly-reopened Miramichi River system, provincial manager, Haywood Stuegen declared, "We're in for two



By far the most volatile situation, however, is in the Restigouche River where it flows along New Brunswick's northern border with Quebec. There, Indians from the Restigouche reserve at Cross Point, Que., have long been suspected of selling salmon they are supposed to catch only for their own food. When authorities searched cars for salmon on the Cross Point to Campbell's, N.B. bridge last last month, band members infuriated by blocking the bridge, allowed only Indians through. In turn, non-Indians are trapped in blocks of the river on the Campbell's bridge and a tense scene ensued in

But the Restigouche problem not only affects the federal and provincial governments, it affects many. It affects the economy. "What is lacking," says a government official, "is a specific objective of who is going to get what salmon." Politicians have failed to come to grips with how to allocate the dwindling fish source among sports anglers, commercial fishermen, Indians and for spawning stock. "Somebody has got to make a decision." As for the Restigouche salmon stream, another official gets it. "In these years, if something's not done, we're going to lose the Restigouche." David Folker

# The case of the woman who was too rich to die

By Warren Gerard

In the old days, before the Beaches became one of Toronto's distinctive neighborhoods, the well-to-do who lived and worked in the city built their estates to the east, close to Lake Ontario. It was a numerous place. Later, a boardwalk was built, a movie club fol-

Peter Cranston, a well-known family physician in the area, was called last Nov. 7, despite the protests of the 79-year-old Hess, who was a Christian Scientist and had never consulted a doctor in her life. "I was agghast," Cranston recalls. "She was underweight, dehydrated, filthy dirty. She needed all of my attention. It was obvious to me she had

when she was admitted to less than 30 pounds at the time of her death six weeks later. She died of kidney failure, with malnutrition and dehydration as contributing factors. She also suffered from dementia, a form of senility.

It was some months later, as the result of a *Toronto Star* investigation, that an inquest was called into the Hess death. Last week the four-week-old inquest was adjourned till Aug. 18. It was a hearing filled with incoherence, impression, gossip, lies—and little corroborative evidence. One of the central figures has been Vincent Walsh, a 70-year-old retired antique dealer who lived with Hess for the last 12 months of her life. The other is Tim Wardle Jr., a plump 30-year-old city salesman for the

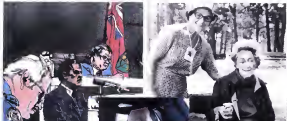
times in the United States.

The major question at the inquest is how could a woman with such assets survive to death? Cranston testified that when he examined Hess at her home he estimated that she had been suffering from acute malnutrition for at least two weeks and that it was evident she had been seclude for several months. Walsh said he had met Hess a few times before coming in with her. On one occasion he found her in Kew Gardens park across the street from her home. "Her face was pasty, her wig was to one side of her head," he said. "She seemed to be in a floating condition and her eyes were not focused." He took her home and inside he found "little deposits of human waste on the floor, a pile of urine in the

Wardle said she didn't drive and Hess then asked Wardle Jr., who said he would. He testified that she wanted him as a joint signatory to the safety deposit box because she was worried people would take advantage of her. He recalls that she put jewelry and papers into the box and that among them was the will. "It would have been improper of me to examine it," he testified.

On March 1 and May 9 of last year, Hess, accompanied by Wardle, purchased term deposits with interest re-

ceived from other investments. Wardle described himself as a "disinterested observer." After the last purchase Hess had only \$51.96 in her chequing account and \$18.46 in her savings account. Wardle said he knew nothing of that and that he had no responsibility for Hess's finances. All he had done was to write two letters for her so that she could have her pension income deposited into a chequing account. "I never wanted her and that's the truth," Wardle Jr., sitting in the public seats in



Beaches Ward. His constituency, that of his father (Tim Wardle Sr.) before him, has been little old ladies and the old generally, whose population in the ward is high, and mostly conservative—no misanthropes, in fact, that an Anglican in prayer in the ward was once moved to describe his congregation in their pews as "the Conservative party at prayer."

The central issue as far as the inquest have not been the usual ones—by what means did the deceased die and on such similar deaths be prevented—but rather there has been a grueling examination of how Walsh used her Hess and to what degree Wardle was factually responsible for her. The suspicion, gossip and innuendo—all in the style of a Gertrude Peyton Place—began when it was learned that Hess had made Wardle the sole executor and trustee of her estate and had bequeathed \$56,000 to him. She also left her \$47,000 house to Anita Lewis, now of Surrey, B.C., who lived with Hess for four months in 1978. Lewis also will receive about another \$50,000 from the estate, involving securities, stocks and bonds. Nothing was left to blood rela-

Wardle at inquest and Hess, Hess (right) with Vincent Walsh and Peter Cranston. "I never wanted her and that's the truth!"

but been wished for some time. She was lying motionless on a bed or sofa and resisted my efforts to examine her by pushing away and crying out. I was unable to communicate with her." Cranston had the former school secretary removed to Toronto General Hospital, where her weight went down 34 pounds



Walsh, which built and a fishing trip

kitchen and nothing to eat but a few used tea bags and stale bread." Walsh said to test, "Who's looking after you? Who's in charge of your affairs?" And, he said, she answered, "Thomas Wardle Jr. is supposed to be looking after me."

Wardle, who has described the inquest as a "trial-by-jury" (for which he later apologized) and a "fishing trip" has assertedly testified that he was never in charge of Hess or her financial affairs, but only four months before Walsh found her wandering in the park. Wardle had taken the woman to make out her will. It was in Hess's writing, Wardle said, adding that the idea was put into her head by neighbors. He found her a lawyer—someone he had met about four times—and took her to the lawyer's office, but he had no knowledge of what was in her will.

About six weeks later, Wardle said, Hess approached his "nephew" at a weekly meeting at the Wardle Community Service Centre, where Hess played the piano, and asked Mrs. Wardle whether she would be a joint signatory on a safety deposit box at a bank. Mrs.

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the courtroom, murmured: "That's true, that's true." But in the summer of 1979, Walsh and Hens were getting into 3-second differences. Hens was living on \$60 a week, which Wardle thought was plenty, but what he didn't know, he said, was that Walsh was "breakevening" from Hens and feeding four people at the same time.

Wardle tried to phone her before he went on vacation in Nassau, and when he returned and saw her at the community centre she told him everything was "okay." It was on that occasion, on Sept. 21, that he decided to call in a public health nurse to see if he was going to be able to get her to come in. He didn't trust Walsh or expect him to wash the woman. Wardle then became concerned because Hens didn't turn up at the weekly social gathering at the centre for three weeks in a row. Whenever he called, he said, Walsh and Hens were resting, and on one occasion he was met by four "ferocious dogs," two at the front and two at the back of the house.

On Nov. 5, two days before Hens was taken to hospital, Wardle finally did go in to see her. Wardle told Walsh that Hens had the flu, that he had given her warm milk and also would be better in a couple of days. In fact, she hadn't eaten in two weeks. Wardle offered to have his own doctor look at her, but she refused. It was to be expected. Wardle was asked by *Coroner Peter King* whether he felt a "moral responsibility" toward Hens. He replied: "She was just one of so many people we [the Wardle family] try to keep an eye on. I feel sorry she got to be in a home dragged from the press."

## Ottawa

### The house that roared

Wanted: a crooked man with enough crooked experience to buy a crooked house. The red-brick dwelling at 343 Stewart St. in Ottawa displays a haphazard modernization job and a perceptible tilt to the left, and it is attracting visitors like the leaning tower of Pisa. During the first three days that its blue door was officially ajar last week, 2,390 people filed through in curious homage to a job extravagantly and embarrassingly wrought. "It's very impractical," says one woman. "It's possible to live in another house." "You have to squat to look out the living room windows," points out a hardsome man of no less, two ladies. "Fantastic. A dream," says a worried architect gazed And expensive, the red-brick owner could wait the renovations having run to \$330,000—almost

\$100,000 more than planned.

The Idea House started out as a summer project of the Ottawa Citizens, the city's largest voluntary news magazine last summer. Almost immediately after its purchase in May, 1979, the 89-year-old structure in Ottawa's Sandy Hill district blossomed into a house the size of a watermelon. The structure was straightforward enough—in fact, *Citizens* readers through the step-by-step renovation of an older house, day by day, between early July and mid-September, then held open house. The paper's editor, Ross Mills, got the idea from a promotional sheet staged by a Boston television station.

Two-headed buses were runned before 343 Stewart was selected, tilt and all. It was suitably discoloured and the price was a reasonable \$71,500—but that proved to be all that was reasonable. The Idea House column soon began to read like a cross between Art Buchwald and George Plimpton. Costs climbed, work deadlines passed, costs climbed. Eventually it was decided

343 Stewart Street after its tilt-up tilt the first time into decent proportions.



that the house was just too weak structurally to take the extensive renovations planned by Ottawa architect Ken Kayser. A team of consulting engineers, called in for a \$4,000 fee, prescribed the installation of steel and concrete supports to hold the house together. By December, the renovation budget of \$330,000 had been exceeded by \$20,000 and promised to continue skyward. Work stopped. Passed with a settlement at a court fight, the Citizens paid \$100,000 for the incomplete remodeling job and promptly deserted both the se-

christ and the building contractor. Hammers pounded again in May, but it took another \$50,000 in material and labor before the house was finally completed, July 10—10 months late at a total cost of \$380,000.

"I think we had a lot of naivety," says Tom Hall, the reporter who helped choose the house and covered the renovation campaign. Hall says it was most difficult to "write articles that didn't make the paper sound too intelligent." On grand opening day Editor Mills, Managing Editor Nelson Skane and reporter Kayser were all "either on the job" or "off the job" with "other sensitive," says one staffer.

A tour of the house is like flipping through the pages of a glossy home decor magazine. But, rebuke rather than inspired, the Victorian-style house—stripped of its mould-festoon porch—strikes Elizabeth Sklar, who lives across the street, as "not ecologically in keeping with the neighborhood."

The Idea House caper isn't the first jibe into the popular arena of dross from the Ottawa community-spirited Citizens. Last summer the paper also bought a cow, to test whether do-it-yourself butchering was more economical than buying beef over the counter. It ran a homecoming campaign and a campaign to help its readers lose weight. Then there was the deprivation project that involved watching television sets from live news films for a month and sharing their withdrawal symptoms. All this reader participation has earned popular, but a recent survey on homosexuality obviously went too far. Not only did a homosexual reporter on the assignment receive several death threats and a pile of nasty letters, but almost 350 readers cancelled their subscriptions in protest.

A number of the Citizens' more serious journalists say the paper has "muddled priorities" somewhere along the way and that there is less and less space for hard news. They say hope that by the time the management sinks its quarter-of-a-million dollars worth of expanded mission, it may decide to renovate and restore the old journalistic "just cover the news" as being at least much cheaper.

Kathryn Head

## Correction

In an article appearing in the June 5, 1980, issue of *Maclean's* concerning Citizens participation in the Cannes Film Festival, it may have been suggested that Robert Leacock (the Agency had not appeared anywhere. Maclean's now understands that the film was being shown in France at the time the article appeared.

## Business

### Piping to a different tune

By Ian Anderson

Conserved by Marie LaRoche could be considered for calling the nation's attention to the "new deal." After all, he didn't say it in Parliament last week when Marie LaRoche was defying opposition charges that he was about to approve the "pre-build" version of the Alaska natural gas pipeline without first acquiring U.S. government for completion of the \$2-billion project. Just seven months earlier, LaRoche, then in Opposition, flayed a similar Tory plan as "one of the greatest sell-outs we've seen." He warned that that, without an "imposed" guarantee, the decade-long dream project might simply become a sophisticated con for Canadian gas exports.

While Andre might question LaRoche's integrity, he has no quarrel with the pre-build version. The leader of the Canadian section of the late, Fort-Hill Pipe Lines (Yukon) Ltd., which the cash flow and Alberta gas producers were a market. Nearly twice as much new gas is being discovered annually in Canada than in the United States or even the Soviet Union. What if LaRoche is looking for it if he can't sell it? Ottawa's great dream was that it could use the surplus gas to fuel a fire under the U.S. administration. The Alaska gas project costs about \$20 million a year of work and 45 jobs in Canada in terminals and labor. And, as important, it means a cheap way to hook up our own untapped northern gas in the Beaufort Sea.

What LaRoche discovered, to his political embarrassment, is that Canada's gas is not that important to the U.S. just now. Sharp hikes in U.S. natural gas prices have sent oilers scurrying for their pipelines. Some analysts now forecast that the so-called "overhead" left along the eastern edge of the Rockies will prove to be the continent's richest gas source. Meanwhile, U.S. utilities are taking just 60 per cent of the export gas made available to them by Ottawa's National Energy Board. In the same period a year ago, they were taking 50 per cent. Canada's recent sharp hikes in the export charge (Canadian pay less than half for their own) have irritated key state politicians such as Washington's Governor Dan L. Ray.

For that reason it has been impossible to get U.S. action on the pipeline in this election year. The U.S. Congress has promised to give the project's completion "imminent" priority but probably cannot deliver it until the fall. Further, President Jimmy Carter has promised a letter this week, naming his support. But neither action is legally binding.

For LaRoche, it is now a matter of what he calls "robust judgment" on the seriousness of the U.S. commitment. "No approval will be given unless we have satisfactory assurances that the full line will be built," he said last week. With no explanation, the government last Wednesday delayed making a decision that had appeared to be all but



Pre-build proposed (in circles) all but in the long, one of the greatest sell-outs.

made. The delay left the Canadian pipeline company, which had set July 12 as the deadline for approval of construction of the pre-build, in a bind. The very next day, the company announced its strategy. One company was told the delay was ordered until the SED reviews the U.S. response. In Ottawa, meanwhile, Jim Waddell, the SED energy critic, called over the



LaRoche: no approval without assurances

chaos of challenging in court the children's right to proceed with the pre-build without guarantees of the fall for its completion. He suggested the surplus gas be bought by the Ontario government for future use in that province. "We're going to export that gas and it's going to be like our oil situation in 1973," Waddell said. "They're going to tell us how hundreds of years' worth and the next thing you'll know there'll be a shortage." It was the sort of thing Marie LaRoche was saying seven months ago.

### New wings for an old warrior

This report covers its first full year as president and chief executive officer. I am not satisfied.

The blast beginning was a resounding departure from the customary mode of corporate reports. And it is very like its author, Harry Steele. Since paying \$6 million for control of Eastern Provincial Airways Limited in November, 1978, Steele has been relentless in his efforts to get his house in order. He has found the old costs, brought in new blood and tackled problems with a rigor that led Gerry Anthony, president of the St. John's Board of Trade, to dub him "a ball of perpetual motion."

But the repeated Nidas touch that made Nidas a millionaire in real estate and stock market investments appeared to have lost its power when, by the end of 1980's first quarter, the small Atlantic province airline was still losing money. Late last month, however, the former lieutenant-commander of the Royal Canadian Navy base in Gander showed he could parlay those losses into a glow, which may be the turning point in Nidas's fortunes. Pending poverty and playing as the political intractability

of regional issues, Steele managed to wrest the plucky Halifax-Toronto route from a relative giant, Vancouver-based Canadian Pacific Air Lines, in an unusual last-minute cabinet overthrow of a Canadian transport commission decision. As he stood on the tarmac at the Halifax airport last week and shook hands with passengers from CPA's first Toronto flight, Steele showed that if anyone could help save this little-leaguer (roughly), he could.

CPA began in 1949 as a bush airline offering mail and ambulance services to Newfoundlanders who had almost no roads outside the Avalon peninsula. Under the ownership of Chasley Cronin, and then his son Andrew (whose brother is the former Tory finance minister) and the benevolent eye of the Newfoundland government, the airline became a full-fledged Atlantic regional carrier, with 1979 revenues of \$63 million. Its main problem, according to Steele, is that the short regional hauls are an inevitable drain. He stopped just short of predicting bankruptcy if the data he got the potentially lucrative Toronto route, but warned "there's no future for regional carriers in Atlantic Canada unless we can take people where they want to go."

Steele's views found favor with Atlantic politicians, but not with the CTO which awarded the Halifax-Toronto route to CP Air in April. Also unnamed was the Halifax Board of Trade, which had reason of an international and Western Canadian tourist boom from its operations. Though supported by 90 per cent of businesses as CP brings last winter, CPA came in far more hard knock. The CTO suggested the debt-ridden airline would not afford to take on a route that CP estimated would lose \$3 million in the first two



Steele, pleading poverty, the Miles coach

years of operations. Steele, who predicts the route will make almost that much profit in the first year alone, called the criticism "galling and meddling." There were also accusations that CPA was not having hard enough in the region, that its fuel-guzzling Boeing 737s, which often fly half-empty, were a "monstrous way to lose money."

Steele reluctantly admits that CPA management in the past was not all it could have been. (He can hardly be more critical than that since former chairman Keith Cronin and President David Miller, from whom he purchased control, are still government board mem-

bers.) But he is not apologizing for the CPA of today, nor does he have much sympathy for an inside CP Air, so confident that Steele would lose blinged to the extent that it spent between \$1 million and \$2 million to set up shop in Halifax. Although Steele says he does not intend to push CPA's regional mandate beyond Toronto, it is a partner in a bid for the much larger Nordeck which has been before the cabinet since last year. A competing bid by Quebecer appears all but assured of success, but Steele insists he is the preferred one. And Harry Steele is not a man to take no for an answer.

Gillian Mackay, with files from Geoff Hunt and Sue Calhoun

hand into car imports, which have captured more than 20 per cent of the U.S. market. But some saw it as a warning of Carter's growing dependence on free trade—and a warning to the Japanese. Again, if they have been a political card-deck, that is the work of growing dependence that the Japanese should be worried about. The United States, and not just in the case of the United States, and not just in the case of the United States.

But Japan was more real model than enemy for politicians and auto executives in Detroit last week. Carter said the deal package was the "last step" in a "permanent relationship" between government and the auto industry. Lee Iacocca, chairman of Chrysler Corp., said "We're taking a page out of the Japanese book—we're going to go on autopilot." Whether or not this budding romance will end beyond the books at the last minute remains to be seen.

Carter in Detroit (left) with, from above

on Japanese auto. (In Canada, federal industry Minister Herb Gray said he was "actively assessing" the need for similar action.) The auto package did not satisfy the growing hunger within the industry for a

## Stealing the show in Motor City

Politics is a hot competition that, on the eve of the Republican National Convention in Detroit, U.S. President Jimmy Carter seemed to have lost. In a surprise move, he announced a 30-per cent cut in the auto sector, a move that would have a major impact on the auto sector, a move that would have a major impact on the auto sector.

Clearly, it did Carter no harm in Motor City to offer between \$200 million and \$400 million in loans to car dealers, a reduction in corporate income and safety standards and an expanded hearing aid to a request by the United Auto Workers for import curbs



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Audiences loved it when **Paul Haggis** and a team of acting coaches challenged prize guards to work out their frustrations on the football field in the 1974 film *The Longest Yard*. Now **Sylvester Stallone** is playing out a similar aggression-relief theme in the film *Rocky to Victory*, but instead of crushing gamblers against American pool turf he's kicking a soccer ball across a fictitious Second World War prison camp in war-ravaged Budapest. True to Rocky tradition, Stallone has been refusing a double in his scenes and insists on diving, kicking and rolling in the dirt to achieve the appropriate realism. Though Stallone's prize is approach to the game is suggested by costar **Michael Caine** and director **John Huston**, the producers have assembled a world-class team of 16 players for bone-crushing authenticity. Leading the team is Brazilian forward-winger **Pele**, in his first film role. "Way British-sounding wouldn't love to have an experience like that?" asks Caine, who coaches the Allan team. "I'm supposed to be teaching Pele how to play soccer!"

**Carlene Anderson** isn't temperate with former Ontario co-star **Don Sline**. Anderson's recent performance as a Jewish toy shopkeeper in the controversial film *The Yiddish Boy* may never be seen in Ontario if censor-happy censors have their way. "How can they call *Silver Screen* pornographic?" Anderson



Stallone (above), Anderson (left), Pele (below) soccer balls, in *Rocky to Victory*



asked *Merlin* before a recent concert in Toronto's Ontario Place. "They are hypocrites. I showed *The Yiddish Boy* to my children. The weekly-viewer comes to ballets, who was toured by **Sam Peckinpah**, prefer small, scenic roles in films and turned down a larger role in *Debut* to play the sensitive shopkeeper. "The role I play in pretense and that's what I like about it," he admits. After a season of concerts, he will be back before the cameras in the film version of another German classic—**Thomas Mann's The Magic Mountain**.

While it may be that *Song of Poets* Days will never make the pop charts and *Song of Goodbye* *Sam Peckinpah* is a not-to-be-classic, last three singers **Alvin Tolan** and **Lucy Arnaz** from *Peckinpah*, who, are doing their best to spread the word, on record, of the Far North. Their songs—the art of chant-like vibrations of the vocal chords performed in complementary diatonic—blends the North's open, nature-filled, sound-filled spaces. Last month, the singers performed in support of the Canadian Music Heritage Collection which is producing a series of recordings documenting Canada's multicultural sound traditions. It's a project that may even be more critical in *Powisgunk* where the *Goodie* *Shawnee* are the current chart-toppers.

If *Forgery* is about truth and falsehood and that is really what an actor's job involves," explains **Marcelo Faria**. Faria, the award-winning French actor is currently in *Merlin* playing a psychologist with a romantic interest in *far*, personified by former *M\*A\*S\*H* surgeon **Wayne Rogers**. Faria's tricky scenario *Vlad Desch*, in the \$15-million film *Art of Deceit*. After a "delicious" childhood in Bucharest where her father was a diplomat, Faria was at college in New when she successfully auditioned for a role in a **Francis Truffaut** film, and then went on to Paris to study political science. Since then, she has appeared in such classics as *Cosmos*, *Cosmos* and *Truffaut's Love on the Run*, which she co-scripted. "Truffaut is like a father to me," admits the 36-year-old actress. "Though she is probably best known to North American audiences for her role as a deranged woman in the rap-ballets says *Strawp*, Faria showed some of her own high-minded principles by turning down a lucrative part in the sequel in favor of more artistic endeavors. As the actress, "I like to make the choice between popular and commercial films."



Harrison (left), Ford (right) pull on his and on an *Orleans* tale of war

"What is it? 'Was it me?' hardly sounds like a lyric. *The Beatles* would have loved to hear his boyhood, but according to *George Harrison* "we" could easily have been the quarter's middle name. "The *Beatles* last years of our lives in a *Hard Day's Night* and *Help* helped to make it look fun," confessed Harrison in his memoir, *I Me Mine*, but in the real world there was never any doubt that *The Beatles* were doomed. It's your eyes, man, that's no important. That's why we were doomed—we didn't have any." The whole tear-jerking tale of the millionaires Liverpoolians' sorry lives sounding in Harrison will be published in leather on gift-edged pages at the end of this month. What price the depressing tale? A heartwarming \$395, about \$95.

When *Merlin* President **Joel Lopez** was inquiring over liquor with *Governor-General Ed Selig* during his official visit last month, it was first lady of the guitar **Uona Weyl** who shocked the savage barons between the



political manuscripts. Ford plans to release an all-Spanish album this fall, and says that after living in Mexico he feels that it's his "second home." She charmed the poets by speaking Spanish and playing *La Paloma*, which she learned for the occasion. *Partida* succeeded with *Orleans* in charm, saying "When we think of classical guitar, we will think of Canada and an angel who played it was not the hands of a guitarist we heard taught, but the wings of an angel." The angel will be grounded by her soulmates when she plays for a special segment of *Cry's Show on Her* next season, while *Tokar Cranston* swoops to her strumming.

Country and western singer **Mal Till** is no dope and he doesn't smoke it. A recent experiment with marijuana was enough to put Till on the referee's wage for good. "I thought I was a duck," he recalls. "I knew it sounds pretty funny, but I actually stripped off all my clothes, hid up the tub and jumped in. I quaked around in the water for about 15 minutes. I started real bad and I remember I even stuttered when I quaked. Put it terrible."

In the public aquarium business, working your way to the top is an electric progression. For example, 28-year-old **Phyllis Truitt** started in six hours two years ago at Sea World in Orlando, Florida. "I went from sea lion to dolphins to whales—and that's how I got

sharks," says Truitt, whose name may comfort some of the thousands of tourists who will see her suspended in a stainless steel-cage in Sea World's 600,000-gallon *Shark Encounter* tank. Truitt and four other "ma made" put on 33 shows a day, drifting around in the cages between multimedia shows and *biometric* audience voyagers through the sharks in a Plexiglas tunnel. After three months of rehearsal, Truitt and crew went public last week and, so far, no one has suffered a while. "A couple of the same sharks [about two metres long] like to rub against the cage," she says affectionately. "They get an itch just like you or me."

After only five years, the blue is leaving the waters of *Deus*, with the blood spouting from *Robert Shaw's* mouth gets redder, complains director **Steven Spielberg**. *Deus*'s blues and Shaw's reds are only the tip of the iceberg, according to director **Marvin Hargrove**, who is leading a Hollywood petition and grape campaign. He's protesting the fading, bleeding and generally deteriorating color film stock from *Kodak* and the inadequate storage facilities allocated by studios, which threaten the lifespan of movies made after the Second World War. "I'm sick and tired of seeing pictures your after your get worse and worse," says Hargrove, who made his latest picture, *Deus*, that in black and white to avoid the blood film dilemma. "It took me seven years to find a 35-mm print of *Luciano Visconti's The Leopard*," he says, "and it's pink. It's a pink leopard!"

Once upon a time there seemed to be a *Shogun*-like. She was an 18-year-old American debutante and he was heir to the throne of a tiny Himalayan kingdom. **Haseo Cocks** and **Pelida Thorne** were never met, married and became king and queen of *Shikim*. The world smiled. Then the clouds gathered. Subjects protested the monarchy, India mowed *Shikim*, the monarchy was over and the marriage was over. When *Haseo* returned to the U.S. with their two children, the king nearly overtook on his throne and the final chapter in a court battle over child custody. The former married says the children should visit *Shikim* because "They must keep in touch with their people, their language and their traditions." They have practically forgotten their language. Now known as *Mrs. Hargrove*, the ex-queen only consents, "It's sad and unfortunate."

Edited by **Marika Boulton**

# Sourpusses and soreheads: death in the Sweet Science

By Trent Frayne

It's a place where a great many people with a soft eye, a fighter's heart, Scott LeDoux was wearing a thick tartan for seven rounds he had fought a losing game with it against half of the world's current supply of heavyweight champions, Larry Holmes. Watching Scott's left arm slowly turn to turn him on, viewers out here in television land perhaps recalled Jimmy Breslin's critique of the technique of George Chuvalo, Toronto's own "George fights with his face," Jimmy said.

Now the bloodletting is over Holmes has been spared righting down his sword and thrusting it into the reefing ball. The referee, the humanitarian named Dave Pearl, has stepped between the men and stopped the carnage. Instantly the arena is filled with hiss and whistle as fight fans brag into the breaks which side in the fight above the ring. They shake their hats and stamp their feet. They are outraged that Pearl has allowed them to desert. He has allowed LeDoux, a home-town Mississippian boy at that, to leave the ring in a vertical position, unaided by a strucher or even on his shield. The news of him.

Howard Cosell, the television announcer, shakes his head in all our living rooms. "There are certain reactions by the people in this country that are downright frightening," he says to us. Well, yes but not in the fight game. The people who react blood at fights are also the people who elect the president and the Liberals. They are the same fine folks who bring you *The Gong Show*, *The Beverly Hills* and \$5 million a picture for Burt Reynolds. They also, Howard Cosell may have forgotten, bring you Howard Cosell!

The majority rules. If more people had voted for the Swines, Joe Clark would be pecking up the meat at St. Sinner's Drive. If people stayed away from Burt's movies, he'd have to find work. Howard, too, if more people turned away from his unflattering post with the

mother tongue. Perhaps the fight game brings out the worst in people because there is nothing more basic than a punch on the nose. Little kids do it, husbands do it, drinks especially do it and even some sober women do it. A lot of people who do do it would like to do it but fear reprisal. Others think of doing it but they're too civilized. There aren't as many of those.

Most politicians and sports leaders recognize the acidic nature of what

happens. You get an idea of the game's pressures from the fact the fighters wear leather-lined caps the size of water-wobblers over their clanging participants but nothing over their brains but the skulls God gave 'em.

Hockey is a game that hasn't forgotten that the kids in the seats and the ones at home need more than maddened opponents in the rinks and beer commercials as the tube screens (not to over-

look anywhere from two to five commentators to tell you what you have already witnessed). The august rule-makers, deploring the unseemly violence that shutters the night from September through June, stopped out-totting long enough at their June meeting to reveal itself a punch in the knuckle is still okay. Ian (Scotty) Morrice, their referee-in-chief, and bench-clearing brawl and woodchoppers have no place in the grand old game but, half, half, you can carry this thing too far, too. Morrice allowed that one-on-one fatality remains, to find a proper word, "acceptable."

Charles Campbell, you'll recall, used to call fights "escape valves."

Another thing you can carry too far, it appears, is concern over gay dying in the ring. Back again to Mississippian where the punched-up Scott LeDoux has a manager named Joe Desakiewicz who is mighty upset with the fathead who stopped his man from tearing Larry Holmes to shreds and laying claim to Larry's World Boxing Council crown (one Mike Weaver in the World Boxing Association's ranks of an ideal heavyweight champion).

"We can't understand how they stopped the fight," cried Joe, whose nose remained intact throughout the fight. "They punched and blew a little fight for us. The fact of the matter is they read about somebody else losing his life, so pretty soon a black eye looks great to them. It looks like a reason for stopping a fight. What we get out of it was a threat." Well, Scott had one Joe's didn't show.



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## Environment

# Drilling ahead with no slick solutions

By Marilyn Reed

From his house in St. John's, Atlantic Alliance co-venturer, even as he talks on the telephone, the Atlantic Ocean rolls in and out in all its fallow indifference, an erratic roar and rumble for seaver aboriginals of Irish, swell and tide, a clockwork grey to a marine scientist such as Allan "Ed" rather than if I could see it every day," he says. Yet Allan, assistant director of the Centre for Cold Ocean Resources Engineering at Memorial University, has trouble bringing himself to say out loud what he and a lot of scientists know full well: that Canada's plunge into off-shore oil exploration could well be environmental madness. "I find myself playing devil's advocate," admits Allan, after poking holes in some of the worst scenarios, one of which is a runaway well gubbing oil freely for a year under Arctic ice. "But, yes, it's also likely true. What it all boils down to is that if there were a total blowout, say in the next six months, we'd be powerless to do anything. We simply don't have the technology to clean up a large cold-water spill. I'm sorry to see it, but we've put the cart before the horse."

Although the federal government's decision to put the cart before the horse is irrevocable—it's not about to tell the oil industry to stop drilling after spending \$1.5 billion as frontier exploration—the question until now has been

commercial academic. Not a drop of commercial oil has gushed from the 508 wells that 37 oil companies have drilled since 1976, when the off-shore hunt began in the Beaufort Sea, Lancaster Sound and off the east coast of Labrador in what is known as Inching Alley. However, earlier this month Dome Petroleum announced that its Kapusnuq well in the Beaufort Sea had definite commercial possibilities. A week earlier Gulf Canada tumbled the stock market by announcing encouraging test results from its Iliamna drilling off the East Coast. What has the government's own scientists worried is that it now appears more certain than ever that pay dirt will be struck long before either industry or government is prepared for the environmental consequences.

Late last month the federal government gave the go-ahead to a series of experimental oil spills in Arctic waters off the northern tip of Baffin Island, a five-year, \$1-million project financed by three countries and various multinational oil companies. "It's a small step in the right direction," concedes Allan. However, only one month earlier, despite its own environmental experts, the government approved an expanded \$300-million drilling program by Dome in the Beaufort. The study, done for the department of Indian and northern affairs, reduced the same plan as one made as early as 1973 by the environment



department when it asked the federal cabinet not to allow drilling to proceed in the Beaufort until a proper environmental assessment was made.

Scores of studies have been done in the past seven years. Yet, as Don Gamble, director of policy studies for the Canadian Arctic Resources Committee (CARC), puts it, "It's irresponsible to claim that we have any kind of capability for cleaning up in Arctic waters." While Canada has the state-of-the-art environmental problems in the world, it is also cursed with the most formidable environment.

The essence of the problem is the Beaufort Sea and eastern Arctic in that there is only an all-too-brief eight-week period during which the weather permits an effective clean-up operation to be conducted. If, during that period, a blowout can't be capped or a relief well drilled, oil can flow uninterrupted until the next drilling season. Says Gamble, "We don't even know what will happen to the oil in many circumstances."

Canada's most recent opportunity to find out what it doesn't know about cleaning up oil spills was in March, 1980, when the British tanker Kaskadan broke in two after encountering heavy ice off Cape Davis, spilling 8,000 tonnes of bunker oil. The coast guard and a lucky team of Cape Bretoners cleared



Dome rig and tanker at sea (left); the Kaskadan (right), tanker broken and drilled after spill, off-shore been (above, right) was after slick experiment. "We don't even know what will happen to the oil"

up about 60 per cent of the shoreline with gulls, sheeps and plastic garbage bags, equipment about as effective in the March as a plowload of paper towels.

Although the unknowns outnumber the knowns, numerous experiments have been conducted and more are underway (this summer to determine exactly what would happen to the oil from a tanker spill or a blowout under the ice). In the meantime, conventional clean-up procedures employed in southern waters—burning off oil, using chemical dispersants, sweeping oil away with booms and skimmers dragged by

boats—are now being adapted for the North. Experiments are being conducted to test the effectiveness of dragging skimmers from planes to burn off oil collected in surface pools. New combinations of chemical dispersants are also being tested, although the most promising ones still react more slowly with oil in cold waters. Even devices to cap the well under the seabed are under consideration. "We have now estimates from Lockheed Petroleum," says Ken Meritt, acting chief of research and development of the emergency branch of Environment Canada, "that to cap the well and bring it to the surface would cost \$5 million and take three years just for one well." Yet the stark reality is that all these methods, most of them still unproven, are good only for attempting to remove oil during the short open-water season.



While industry gropes for the technology to clean up a major spill or blowout, scientists are still in the early stages of understanding what effect oil will have on birds and sea life. Just how little is known was illustrated in February when a government-sponsored study on the effects of oil on polar bears turned into a horror show when two of the three bears studied in the experiment died from ingested oil. The result not only shocked the public but also the scientists who conducted the tests.

When smelt were tested at the University of Guelph in 1975 they thrashed around in a smelted tank for 11 minutes before expiring. Then time for their deaths was attributed to the stress of being transported from the North rather than poisoning from ingested oil. It was discovered, however, that oil caused damage to the eyes, liver and kidneys. Even less is known about the effects of oil on whales. "The highest risk," says Ch. Ross, head of the oil spill-effects unit of Environment Canada, "would be eastern Arctic seabirds, green and black. Some species would be close to extinction."

So far, Dome Petroleum and its drilling subsidiary, Conmar, have led the industry in environmental research. This year it has spent about \$6 million, and since drilling began in 1976, the company says it has spent about \$20 million on environmental research. Part of a \$60-million investment of more than \$300 million. Although the industry is responsible for cleaning up its own mess, a major spill could land at least part of the bill in the lap of taxpayers. Dome has a \$20-million bond for the Alaska shoreline and more than \$60 million in insurance coverage for the Beaufort. "I think we could clean up a lot of it," says Vice-President Gordon Harman. "But I think a major spill could be disastrous to us and prove a major setback to our drilling operations."

In spite of its government-approved contingency plan for the Beaufort, Dome has been caught for failing to report 82 minor oil spills in 1979—in other words, for failing to follow its own carefully drafted guidelines. In fact, Dome has suffered a number of accidents since 1976, including three high-pressure water and gas blowouts and two ship spills involving 50,000 gallons of fuel from damaged tankers. Support vessels. Only a small proportion of the spilled fuel could even be located, says Dave Peace, environmental supervisor for the company. "We covered thousands of miles with planes and detection equipment," he speculated, "but a large amount of it evaporated."

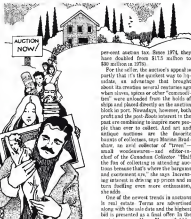
Full-scale production for Dome is targeted for 1986, when the company forecasts a fleet of up to 30 icebreaking tankers, each capable of carrying 10,000 barrels of oil from the Beaufort through the Northwest Passage to the East Coast. What tankers carry oil to the Newfoundland mainland they pass directly over the Grand Banks, where 14 shipwrecks are already located. Fishermen are anxious about their fate, says Guy Richey, president of Fishery Products Ltd. of St. John's. "A spill would be catastrophic... We just don't know."

And, with minor accidents already happening in the early exploratory stage of the game, the probability of more serious ones will increase when commercial production begins. Says Don Gamble of CARC: "We're being warned in the marine world that things are not as good as certain people in the government and Dome like to think. Things are going wrong." Yet, even if technology soon does take a great leap, there may still be plenty more to worry about. A 1978 government study estimated that 70 per cent of the cost of oil spills is related to human error. Says Gamble: "We may be dealing with a problem so much there is no immediate solution." ☐

# The auction block runneth over

When the entire Yukon town of Chitina Creek went on the auction block two years ago after the auctioneer purchased only a handful of buyers braved the torturous 640-km bus journey from Whitehorse to the site. Among them was Stephen Harrison, who went along mostly out of curiosity. But he—like the others—got caught up in the excitement of bidding and ended up owner of two four-bedroom houses, the town's Mainframe B&B (mainframe houses), a two-bay garage and a three-trailer complex—all for a mere \$6,500. "I guess I just broke out with the auctioneer's syndrome," explains Harrison, a jeweller from Bear Creek, Yukon, who has yet to figure out what he will do with his deserted assets in the frozen North.

Although few end up with a town on



their hands, increasing numbers of Canadians are now doing anything an auctioneer can buy for them and buying it anywhere, from dilapidated barns where the possessions of a lifetime on the farm are carried away (rescued by strangers, to smart city stores where paintings often end up as second-hand or unscrupulous appreciation. A combination of commerce and curiosity, auctions are offering escape from increasingly homogeneous chain-store merchandising, but the biggest escape seems to be from inflation. "They're providing sellers with a nonobjective marketplace and buyers with the opportunity to buy more the costs of storage and display," says Dave Ritchie of Ritchie Bros. Auctioneers—Canada's largest and the first that "bounced back" Chitina Creek in a day. "Not business is good when business is good. And our business is better when business is tough."

And sales are skyrocketing. Ritchie's auctioned off \$60 million worth of heavy equipment last year—up from \$59 mil-

lion five years before. The reason is more complex: more growing bids and sales held by Ritchie's and others to buy everything from Chevrolet hoodlums to fleets of logging machines.

Present auctioneers are now finding a new clientele in those who are acquiring, not just paintings, as effective badges against inflation. To such as in the growing Canadian art and antique scene, world-famous Sotheby Parke Bernet greatly expanded its Toronto operations in the past year and has opened an office in Vancouver for the first time. At its May sale in Toronto, says Sotheby spokesman Lee Addison, 10 world-record prices were set for Canadian art, one painting going for \$770,000 to a man who originally said it is 1954 for a mere \$500.

Even the "down and out" are finding auctions and their purposes. Five years ago in Toronto there were only 10 auctioneers specializing in liquidation, repossessions and bankruptcies. Now there are 30. (Exact sales figures are available only in Quebec, which has a one-

percent auction tax. Since 1974, they have doubled from \$11.5 million to \$30 million in 1979).

For the seller, the auctioneer's appeal is partly that it's the quickest way to liquidate, an advantage that helps about its revenues several times as often when slow, open or other "conventional" were unloaded from the holds of ships and placed directly on the auction block in port. Nowadays, however, both profit and the post-auction interest in the past are combining to inspire more people than ever to collect. And art and antique auctions are the favorite haunts of collectors, says Elaine Bradshaw, an art collector of "trees"—small woodcarvings—and editor-in-chief of the Canadian Collector. "Half the fun of collecting is attending auctions because that's where the bargains and excitement are," she says. Increasing interest is driving up prices and in turn fueling even more enthusiasm, she adds.

One of the newest trends in auctions is real estate. Tens are advertised along with the sale date and the highest bid is presented as a final offer. In the past two years, Norm Moore of Alder Park, Alta., one of several recent new expanding into property auctions, has sold an such property—more than \$7 million worth—by auction in by multiple listings. To Derryl Nishimura of Rock Lake, Alta., an auction is the "best way to buy a house at its true market value." Despite advice from relatives, Nishimura sold on a bungalow and within 10 minutes bought it for \$37,000. He's convinced that auctions—the method by which most property is sold in Great Britain—will also catch on in Canada.

Nevertheless, the auction is not a bargain for everyone. Crowds can sometimes get carried away. One auctioneer adds the price of cheap glassware can be doubled merely by showing bright lights on it during its display. For three years, who bought part of a house he didn't want because it was a bargain, that doesn't matter. To him, the Chitina Creek auction was a "once-in-a-lifetime" luck. "What the hell if I bought more than I wanted? I got a bargain and had a hell!"

Blue Francis

## Saving sick kids from sick TV

At the 294-bed Winnipeg Children's Centre hospital, child psychologist Deborah Gutteridge enters a child's room and, to her horror, finds the bedroom parent glued to a TV soap opera showing a character engaged in flames. The young viewer is a born victim. In another room Gutteridge finds a black child watching a talk show. Being interviewed is an outpatient while a parent sits. Elsewhere, she finds sick children watching an assortment of violence, violence and commercials in



Hospitalized viewers in Winnipeg: no movie

some ways as sick as the children themselves. But on the three available commercial channels there's little choice. However, 600 km north, at the Winnipeg Children's Health Centre, there is an alternative, one that the Winnipeg hospital and a number of other Canadian hospitals hope to tune into this year.

What the Maniwagolis children have been watching for the past two years is Channel 13, better known as Get-well Television, a private and personalized closed-circuit channel run by its originator, Larry Johnson. Each morning Johnson tours the wards, interviewing sick patients, along with their teddy bears, for rehabilitation later in the day. He also passes out pieces of paper, as "electronic self-care cards," on which the children can scribble a message and see it on the screen that afternoon. Or they can hand over their stuffed toys, see them on screen later and interview them by phone from their beds via a

backlog to Johnson's opening studio. Get-well Television also offers games involving common hospital objects.

The Winnipeg channel produces four hours a day of programming—the amount of time the average child in the Winnipeg hospital spends watching commercial television, according to a recent study by Cutting. The figure was twice as high as for non-hospitalized children. "The hospital," says Gutteridge, "has a very active and creative child-life program for mobile children, but if you're confined to bed that's not much help. You watch TV." As a result

of her study, the hospital hopes to have its own closed-circuit channel installed by this fall.

What Johnson would eventually like to see in all hospitals doing their own programming, perhaps even exchanging tapes. However with most hospital administrators being told to cut costs, that day might be a long way off. Nevertheless Johnson is convinced his idea is good medicine. "We find the kids receive information better over the screen from a staffed toy than they would from someone in a white coat."

Peter Carlyle-Gordon



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From left, Brandon, Chester Crocker with mutilated cow near Edmonton, Green, Crocker. "We are not dealing with ordinary poachers, but with the pure animal."



## Behavior

# Of little green men and mutilated cows

By Suzanne Zwanen

**F**rank Spatz, an Oxy, Alta., farmer looking after 400 or 500 head of cattle, found a dead cow on an acre of his grazing lands in May. Coyotes hadn't touched the carcass, Spatz reported, but there were blood cuts around the animal's jaw. He deduced that death had been caused by a shoulder blow—perhaps, but he couldn't figure out what caused the wound. A week later, another Oxy-area farmer, Vincent Crocker, lost his largest cow. The 10-year-old animal was found lying near a slough. A large, circular print of skin had been set on the rear of the animal and her legs were gone.

The cattle mutilations that plagued Alberta ranchers last summer seemed, after a winter's hiatus, to be back in business. The Alberta RCMP has investigated about 70 suspicious animal deaths this year and has confirmed four mutilations. In the past five years in the U.S., mutilations have curved on the statistics, ranging from one incident in 1980 to 10,000 cattle. While cattle are the usual victims, horses, buffalo and goat herds have also been reported. Local sheriff, federal government investigators, animal deaths and UFO watchers have been enthusiastically pursuing the perpetrators and have given the mystery the aura of a major mad-cow trip. Investigators all hold dear their own particular theory,

whether they see the mutilations as an act of terrorism or merely the work of wily coyotes or other natural predators. Yet, so far, no one has convincingly explained the mutilations and, despite the intense interest and watchfulness, no one has been caught in the act.

American investigations, at meetings and in the media, make several startling claims about the mutilations. They say the cause of the animals' deaths is impossible to determine, that organs are removed with surgical precision, that there is no blood remaining in the carcasses and that the liver is usually found to be yellow and pulpy as though subjected to intense microwave heat. Some investigators have been testing radiation levels around mutilated animals, others have been collecting reports of UFO sightings prior to the discovery of the dead. The animals are also often reported to have crashed shoulders, and UFO buffs say this is because they have been picked up by a flying object. Only twice, they say, could error on the aerial, nocturnal, silent operations. Who else, they argue, could be working in the dead of night, in patterns all over the continent, without even leaving a behind a footprint, a tire track or a gun whisper?

Tom Bearden, a retired U.S. army officer now working for an aerospace firm in Huntsville, Ala., has an answer to that. Starting with Carl Jung's work on the unconscious mind, Bearden argues that the mutilations are the physical manifestation of the whole human unconscious which in some way sense that the Soviets will, probably within three years, invade and destroy the Western world. Unconsciously, we're poked up when about a whole series of secret Soviet weapons against which the U.S. has no defence, he says. In dreams, he adds, cattle are female symbols representing the U.S. and the surgical precision of the mutilations indicates the precision of the military operations to cause. The removal of glands and organs signifies the end of children in the Western world and the cutting off of ears and tongues predicts the end of free speech.

While the accounts behind it making extra to forward the future, Bearden and fellow devotees of psychotronics, which him to do with employing mind energy, have had more trouble convincing a skeptical medical world. But Bearden, who is writing a book about the phenomenon, is to be called the Colorado dropping, as convinced that thought forms can do physical things, such as the mutilations, and that human thought forms will confuse producing mutilations unless the Soviets are deflected from their plan. "We are not dealing with ordinary phenomena but with the paranormal," he says, citing compasses and piggy banks that act erratically around mutilations and

curettes that wouldn't desecrate or have turned to water at lightning speed.

Those less inclined to the other world blame strange entities who use unusual organs in black magic rites. Still others suspect governments to—either as or for—agents because they say the carcasses show signs of heavy concentrations of bacteria, and bacteria-fighting lymphatic fluids, clues to biological warfare research. There's even a group blaming nutritional oil companies. It accuses the mutilations are part of a new form of petroleum exploration—trillite gases are pumped up and traces associated in cattle organs.

Dr. David Green, a veterinary pathologist in Alberta, Alta., dismisses all these tantalizing claims. Green and Calgary RCMP Cpl. Lynn Leuber, who heads the police investigation, last year set up a system to track all information on the unsolved deaths was funnelled through them. "The type of thing reported in the U.S. is not the type of thing we see here," says Green. "And it's not the type of thing they see there either. Most of it has been made up by the press. Anything that we were able to track down simply didn't check out." Leuber, however, confirms there were 13 mutilations in Alberta last year. Most of the carcasses were too badly decomposed to determine the cause of death, but in 10 cases Green determined death was by natural causes and the mutilations came later. Leuber, a long-time homicide squad detective, has no expectations of finding the culprits in other states. Someone on earth, perhaps a cult, is responsible, he thinks, and he has spent 100-hour days researching the American cases and travelling Alberta in pursuit of mutilators.

Chris Mills, manager of the Alberta

Cattle Commission, admits the "mysterious nature of the mutilations is spooky for some producers. But cattlemen generally deal with the unknown, starting with the weather and ending with the government. There's a tremendous loss of cattle every year to unknown causes. In terms of the cattle industry as a whole, the mutilations are unimportant." The association, nevertheless, last year offered a \$1,000 reward for a solution to the mystery and the mutilations, this, combined with increasing vandalism and trespassing, persuaded ranchers to organize themselves into range patrols.

Mills feels the range patrols have helped head off the mutilations this summer, while Green credits putting a lid on publicity. The RCMP has stopped talking about its investigations. "It seems to be working. Last year, we had cases coming out of our ears, while this year has been relatively quiet," says Green. And while one Calgary TV station has banned a program with the RCMP about the news blackout, Green has a glow. "Try not to see things as I really don't like looking at the damn things." ☐

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# Devotees of the kiss of ink on paper

By David Wiegman

When the last member of the Group of Seven is 92 years old and publishes a book of prints, the demand is predictably high. But even if you are devoted enough to venture \$2,000, you will not be able to buy a copy of *A.J. Casson's A Triptych* when it is published this month. Indeed, it is not being published as much as delivered: all 104 copies were bought before the book was printed. The anxiety with



Pachter, Abel and Marcel Beller-Sennett (above): Foresta shopper, fishbowl



ally held in low regard by the dealers for being overly typed. It is a sign of the maturing of the market that at the May auction of limited editions at Sotheby's Paris, Bernett's *Foresta* (the former not fish even \$700 and two copies of the latter failed to sell at the bargain price of \$600. On the other hand, Dods sold for \$650, still well above its original cost, and *The Art of Glen Loates* went for a healthy \$4,000. As Toronto dealer Edward Borras, of Edwards Books & Art, says, "Quality will always sell." Dealers and bibliophiles such as Borras, watching the birth and growth of limited editions in Canada, have always sensed the fact that discussion of them tends to begin by viewing the books as investments & is gold rather than an art.

ing is a whipped cream man-produced, lacking in substance and artistically forced. Initiators have been drawn to a market which, at its height this past fall, had only experienced two "failures," *Landmarks of Canadian Art*, published in the fall of 1976 and still trading at its original \$4,200 price, and 1977's *Tom Thomson*. The sales and the others which had dropped from its peak of \$2,900 and could be had for about \$1,900, merely 96 per cent over its original price. This is false only when compared with books like *Kiss Dods*, generally considered to have started it all in Canada in 1974, which was selling for more than four times its original \$350, and *The Art of Glen Loates* which in two years had increased 18 times in value.

Landmarks and Thomson are generally

But \$1,800 buys a lot of paper and is many cases collectors are paying for the fact of initiation more than for quality. "People want to invest in really exclusive things," says Bernard Loates, publisher of the Casson books, a leader in the Canadian field and justifiably proud of his handiwork.

If the prices seem artificially high it is because the imitations are to a certain extent artificial. But this is not always as Toronto artist Charles Pachter is hard at work creating 40 proofs of what he likens to a medieval illustrated manuscript, *The Journals of Suzanne Moore*, poems by Margaret Atwood, should be ready by the end of the year. It will consist of three sets of 10 illustrated poems, printed with a variety of antique types selected carefully by Pachter. The drawings are being done directly on the screens from which they will be printed. Pachter's work is distinguished from others by the fact that the pictures are all being done exclusively for the book and not as a separate work. On the other hand, the original Dods has dropped in as a matter of protocol, beneath the surface, however, the latter is a symbol of independence. But Blackman assures that he knows the value of coming and selling. "I would not be at all right if I went in. I told him to go ahead, if he wanted to." Then Blackman drops the "disrespectful" suggestion that Dods because of turning into a profes-

son. Yet as the shoddy works—jammed up inside with a ladder standing and maybe a falsework thrown—decline to their true value, the genuine handcrafted and labor-over works will probably continue to increase in price. Now more than ever, those thinking of doing their own thing have added incentive to invest only in books they want to spend their lives with, nothing is as ugly as a white elephant crammed onto a bookshelf.

## Of masters and servants

AUTHORITY  
by Richard Gennett  
(London House, \$12.95)

Researcher-physician Dr. Dods walks into the office of his superior, Dr. Blackman, to tell him that another mistake had been made in a letter asking an overture for a new ink. On the surface, the slight at Dods has dropped in as a matter of protocol, beneath the surface, however, the latter is a symbol of independence. But Blackman assures that he knows the value of coming and selling. "I would not be at all right if I went in. I told him to go ahead, if he wanted to." Then Blackman drops the "disrespectful" suggestion that Dods because of turning into a profes-

rather be than be in the "lab." This occasion has been the subject of publication by the *Harvard Business Review* in 1965, a classic case of how a manager can psychologically defeat a demanding employee. But for Richard Bernett, the meeting of Dods and Blackman means that there is a seriously straightforward bit of professional politeness between the arms for a personal antipathy between authority and its servant, leaving Dods "in a shape emotionally to make a handwritten decision about his own career." The answer to this question, which has appeared time and again in how-to-second books, takes the reader to the heart of Bernett's new book, *Authority*.

*Authority* is no self-help guru, but a probing social philosopher. Neither is *Authority* another field manual for the embattled go-getter. Rather, it is the dissection of a war no one is winning—the cycles of rebellion and survival in politics, business and private life. Bernett is not a student of the battle of the peace-maker, but not a naive one. As much as he wants us to become soberly aware of the secret structures of power which our own eyesight and self-interest into grain self-deceit, Bernett sees the need to the present order or the need to break it in authority. "Domination," he writes, "is everywhere... a necessary social disease."

The scope of *Authority* (the first of a four-book series which will continue with essays on politics, literature and religion) is breathtaking. But there is only typical of Bernett's recent writing, which moves with confident ease through business, the arts, social sciences and psychology. Only 32, Bernett begins his career as an author with a slight, but his *The Fall of Public Man* in 1977 marked an emergence as a writer of epic social portraiture. In discussing the ways in which we have confused the public and private realms of experience, Bernett drew deeply on his history, literature, social history and even manuals of etiquette. While no fringe philosopher of the Alvin Toffler School of Constant Social Revolution, Bernett is a solid scholar who can communicate in a prose as vivid and concrete as that in *Authority* he can bring an abstract philosopher like Hegel to life in a Boston psychiatric hospital to comment sensibly on the problems of Helen Bossen, a close cousin of Loates's for Mr. Gennett's *Theresa*.



Sennett stuck in a long adolescent snail

about authority. Where Dods appears to shake his superior into some awareness of his value, he now discovers there may be doubts about his stability. The matter of a change in his career has been made to seem like a crisis in his personal life, and Dods finally shows the same, but Bernett's *The Art of Glen Loates* because of the production

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think of as the authority crisis is a deferred sense of freedom. Like Kiefer's dogma, we distrust anything that operates war should be necessary. Masters, too, are trapped in the same suspicion for re-acting, says Bennett, that today creates our "horns of rejection." Our trivial rebellions tie us tighter to authority, and we emotional life becomes a fiddling adolescent tale.

Bennett's tentative proposals for changing the present condition of authority are derived from another of Kiefer's ideas, "unhappy consciousness"—a kind of rational misanthropy. Bennett uses novelist Franz Kafka's famous letter to his father as an example—a savage attack blaming Kafka's parent for all the misery in his miserably unhappy life to which he added his father's imagined reply. By taking on both voices, says Bennett, Kafka destroyed his father's irrational power over his life. "This is the work of making authority void," says Bennett, and the first step toward freedom. His theory of freedom—the labor of conscience—comes down to practice in his fascinating last chapter. Masters should admit they are personally in charge and servants that they are managed. This means giving up our false notions of autonomy and our employed slavery made of benevolence—a kind of warlike freedom. As distant as such a proposal is from any application in the real world, its bluntness and comprehensiveness make *Authority* a powerful book. Unlike poor Dr. Deeds, Richard Bennett is a hard-headed wonder of authority in the contemporary corridors of power.

Burt Teets

### MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

#### FICITION

1. *Jonathan and Mrs. Archer*, Nicholas (10)
2. *The Name Identity*, LeBlond (2)
3. *Sole, Hesper* (2)
4. *Random Words*, Pich (10)
5. *Privateer's Bay*, Kiefer (16)
6. *Soldier's People*, LeClair (16)
7. *The Girl in the Suits*, Aronoff (7)
8. *The Bleeding Heart*, French (8)
9. *Range of Angels*, White (6)
10. *No Love Lost*, Van Dyke

#### NON-FICITION

1. *The Third Wave*, Taffel (11)
2. *The Red War*, Kiefer (13)
3. *The Neighbor's Wife*, Taffel (12)
4. *Confessions*, Acker (10)
5. *How to Break Your Money and Profit from Inflation*, (revised edition), Shuman (14)
6. *Man in Love*, Fidler (10)
7. *Wild, Lively* (7)
8. *Ways of Escape*, Givens (6)
9. *Jim Fidler's Secret Book of Reading*, Fidler (1)
10. *From to Omelette*, Friedman (10)

(Continued next)

## Films



## A cantata of craziness

THE BIG RED ONE  
Directed by Samuel Fuller

There was intense feelings are the hardest to communicate, and even if they come out clumsily they can still be very powerful—perhaps more powerful than if they had been carefully considered. *The Big Red One*, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, who is now nearly 70, is Fuller's autobiographical recounting of the Second World War and his contemporary war in general. King of the "B" movies during the '50s and early '60s he showed them out in a few days and for pennies, lauded by the New Wave French critics at the time. Fuller has always had his genius spoiled by genres, the westerns (*Forty Guns*), the crime dramas (*The Naked Kiss*), the war film (*Patton*).

His contemporary war in *The Big Red One*—that war is painful, it's tangled and is mixed in chaos, yet those chaos, which have been with Fuller for years, achieve a relentless, restless force. It's as though he has waited so long to get everything out of his system that, once it does get out, it explodes.

*The Big Red One* is riddled with so many lines as it is bullets, the greatest one being a stilted narration by Bob Roberts (Caravini). Fuller's alter ego, who studies himself an embittered Hemingway. Obviously, the narration is there to give us our bearings as the movie shifts locales, it's redundant because there's enough visual data to tell the story. A story of survival, it follows the fate of a young sergeant (Lee Marvin) and his young charges in the first infantry division known as "The Big Red One" for its famous shoulder patch.

There's Zak, Vince (Bobby Dr. Cuno), Hansen (Kelly Ward) and Grif (Mark Hamill), who's trying desperately not to be a coward. The characters aren't fleshed out, but Fuller is after a larger message, and he gets out that's Guyanage.

A cantata of craziness, battered by the big brass crashing chords of Duns Kiefer's score, *The Big Red One* presents war as a series of terrible tableaux. In North Africa the French fire on the beached Americans, then, ending their coalition, they run down to the beach to embrace the troops. A soldier opens a door in a German stronghold and sees, in the darkness, the halting eyes of Jews waiting for the even.

When a German soldier is shot, he'll be a peasant woman seek revenge on the dead body with their nipples. In the battle scenes you can barely tell which side is which and you're probably meant to feel confused.

Wesley, Fuller lets his camera linger on the faces of soldiers, on both sides, and you can see the second thoughts behind the bravery, fear on the back of bravado. In this much war, people are there, apart. They're hardened, their emotions, such as the sergeant's, is a way of cauterizing the pain all around them. A baby being born in a German tank could serve as useful contrast, yet in the context of Fuller's movie it isn't, our camera is screaming while officers around him go out in confused silence.

The war, to Fuller, was as wars are, slightly senseless. The blood-soaked waters of Omaha Beach seem, for the moment, you watch chaos, an awful dying prison concerned by more stringent god. Fuller has found an almost belated rhythm in *War*, with soldiers' heads looking up and down as if in a puppet show.

But after Fuller had presented his final end to the studio, as editor, David

Ward, Dr. Cuno, Marvin, Caravini, Kiefer—second thoughts behind soldiers' bravery.

Beethoven, was called in to put the movie into a more suitable form, see Fuller isn't totally happy with his shaggy, beautiful masterpiece has been changed. Still *The Big Red One* has an eerie beauty, hard, coarse, in perpetual motion.

## Pretty baby prettily marooned

THE BLUE LAGOON  
Directed by Randal Kloss

There's such a preference of beauty in *The Blue Lagoon* that your eyes begin to budge. The cinematographer, Nestor Almendras (*Days of Heaven*), creates images of such tantalizing purity, so lush, serene, that you wonder if you are, indeed, quite enough to look at them. Shot in Fiji, these images seem to come from a camera in basic Panamanian overtones, aware waters, close-up of ferns and faces and sunsets—big orange things for a month of Sundays, such sun out to expound upon the sun before it. With dazzling light following dancing shot, the beauty soon wears thin. *The Blue Lagoon* was a gift of pornography that it has, ironically, the opposite effect of its intention, such images could do the case before it, we tend to become disoriented, and what was meant to be winning turns strangely banal.

Why, then, is *The Black Shadow*, which has many of the same visual subtleties and even a similar photographic style, a great film and *The Blue Lagoon* not even a good one? The ideas in *The*

Black Stallion, in which a boy and a horse are washed ashore on an island after a shipwreck, are organic to the story of the boy's survival. Black shot contacts in the next, designing a story-telling rhythm, each in its own way, and which we would appreciate. In *The River Lad*, in which a boy and girl find haven after a shipwreck, those same shots are merely picturesque—they're in the movie because they're pretty. The director, Randal Kinsner (Grouse), uses them to fill the gaps in the screenplay. Parents' battles and emotions are used in justification—con-

stant and colors between scenes. The boy, Richard, and the girl, Romaine, are raised to shore by the ship's cook (Joe McKerr). He dies and the two soon reach heaven in the personae of Christopher Atkins and Brooke Shields. Their island is idyllic; they play beach, fish and hunt, poked and frolic, free from the constraints of civilization. And they swim—without the constraint of clothes. Boy, do they swim—there was less underwater photography in the old TV series, *Sea Hunt*. So, Romaine is saying to Richard, "I keep having these funny thoughts."

Then he starts feeling funny. Soon, they are kissing. Richard says to Romaine, "Will you stop eating? You'll get fat," while Romaine denounces every puppy in sight. One evening Romaine, her tummy mysteriously distended and bowdler with pain, looks down on the ground and finds, much to her surprise, a baby. Soon, the baby is swimming. More underwater photography.

Considering the teen market for movies, *The River Lad* may produce another kind of bubble. It's got everything—love, sex, nudity and pregnancy. And though the story is set at the turn of the century, both Shields and Atkins speak in a decidedly modern argot. And oddly enough, neither gets any single people. Did they bring a tank of chlorine with them?

It is not unreasonable to suppose that two small children would forget some of the ways of civilization, having been alone on a South Pacific island for years? Richard and Romaine are awfully well-mannered and so is *The River Lad*. It may show two spectacularly attractive young people without their clothes, yet it's essentially Victorian. (They discover religion and were much more taken with it than I am.) The movie gives us the beauty of human nature basking in the splendor of physical nature. The director, screenwriter and cinematographer haven't made a movie they have found a cinema concern.

L.O.T.

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## Theatre Gambling with the greasepaint

A RESPECTABLE WEDDING

by David Gribble  
Directed by David Gribble

PUTTING ON THE RITZ

by Irving Berlin  
Directed by Dan Sniely

THE FLAMENCO

by George Bernard Shaw  
Directed by Paul Reynolds

British director's *A Respectable Wedding*, the highlight as far as critics go, is the director Christopher Newton's first debut season at the Shaw Festival, a brief, self-destructing parable—in little more than an hour, it's a moral lesson about the dangers of the devil, leaving the audience passively repulsed and the audience of the wedding feast.

Derek Goldby's production of the Broadway classic is superb. Between the frenzied entrance of the wedding party, sporting obscene habits and the peroxide and-flying confrontation between husband and wife (Joe Ziegler and Nina Melville), the catastrophe is a masterpiece of the kind of dramatics from which people are completely repulsed. The bride's younger sister (Francesca Valleri) is seduced by the married guest (Gerrard Wyn Davies), a wife (Diana Douglas) leaves her husband (Al Keady) unceremoniously until he drops her off in some unrecognizable bloodstain.

The running-joke metaphor underlying the play is the furniture—the groom proudly built it all himself but he can't find it on his own. The civilization, it keeps collapsing. It's always a shock to see chairs destroyed, food barfed, vases smashed and windows shattered on stage ("Oh! Look, dear—they really broke the glass!"), but the shock value wears off unless these incidents are judiciously selected and perfectly timed as they are here. The effect of all this admittedly unapologetic stage business is to sap the audience's sympathy for the new man that a year of anguish is maddening and a touch of human sympathy. The cost recovery without flinching to the maximum physical and emotional demands of this play which quivers between comedy and tragedy like a prize fighter poor to be hurt, only



to feel stiffness, unexpectedly, in the back of the chair.

*Puttin' on the Ritz* is a lovely send-up and class reves followed from the music of Irving Berlin. For *Ritz* is the world was a time that, but Joe Macdonald's costume set is sophisticated art deco, the costumes tell us not just, but the result being that the plethora of glitter orange both the wide-spread lyrics and Judith Marrow's erotic choreography.

Berlin was the most stylish of composers, yet director Dan Sniely updates *Ritz* into a more 'night out' as a punk, interprets *I Love a Piano* a bit too literally and directorial *Good Show America* with a striking Statue of Liberty Office. McCarthy, effects that may offend the more nostalgic despite their investment. McCarthy grabs attention from the start—her face in response in a program mask ready to split off emotion at the drop of a great note while her body makes rhythmic points like a passionately logical argument. The show really starts blazing in the second half with an ensemble tap-dancing routine, and Macdonald serves his most outrageous creations, including a Manhattan skyline top hat and backstage headgear with live birds, for the first number.

If you want to know what it was like, watch Shaw, "read *The Flamingo* and meet *J.P.* for the party of Julia and me for that of *Charisma*." Indeed, the playwright spent almost himself on *J.P.* (a show-chaser of long standing) than they play Julia with impressive yet unimpaired hysteria, a harmony of unbreakable wit and wit, making a Manhattan skyline top hat and backstage headgear with live birds, for the first number.

Shaw never completely comes to



Douglas, Ziegler in 'A Respectable Wedding' (left); Valleri, Newton in 'The Flamingo'; McCarthy in 'Puttin' on the Ritz'; early 1940s portrait by Gribble

series with the truth of his darker mind (Charisma is clearly not), "I don't think you like to be loved too much," perhaps because it touched him too deeply. The result is a confused yoking of anti-marital dialogue, aphorism and romantic breast-beating which Paul Reynolds' production sticks to the Sa-

ras wrap, carefully preserving the first letter moment when Julia gives up on Chateau and resigns herself to a lone-life marriage.

The supporting cast, especially Susan Wright's flinty widow and Newton's Chateau, a perpetual dancer blessed with excellent comic timing, propel the action tirelessly through its lengthy delusions. This early, quirky show is, in fact, typical of the movies shown in flourishing adult-oriented playhouses and solo performances which, when not outstanding, are at least totally competent. Newton's wit to avoid a unified acting company appears to be burning true, and the word from the box office is that his gamble on adult-oriented programming has been worth the risk.

Mark Czarnecki

## A window in a bright corner

Ensemble caddies in the honey-baked of Quebec's *Toronto*, once a proper, white-egg-board colony of English-speaking settlers. Now, with its name pulled to *Flora*, the region has lost its purity to a frenetic linguistic maelstrom which has ripped the old from the new, with the passing of the old, to gracious, off-the-shoulder, surrealism, the surviving anglophones maintain their quiet fences and pine-paneled country mans and manage to remain a vibrant, controlling outpost of English Canada's cultural heritage. Meanwhile, behind their tidy titles and studied accents, there are in Ottawa and Quebec City townsmen who treat the Township's beautiful view like a convenient shortstop. While *Les Amis* (the summer festival) of Canadian theatre has established a respected place in the country's arts calendar, its sixth season opened this month with three English-language plays—homework in both capital are exploring the life-support systems.

Despite the determination of engineers to attract French-speaking thespians, Quebec authorities refused this year to distribute federal publicity in provincial tourist offices. The reason? Because the brochure is bilingual and, to conform to Quebec language law, completely separate French and English versions are demanded. Provincial arts funding is down this year to \$2.5 million, the amount granted the year before the Parti Quebecois rose to power. At least part of the problem is history, says festival founder and executive director David Rittenhouse: "There's no major French summer theatre—it's not part of their cultural ex-



Wendy Cord, Guy Bouchard in *It's a Back for You Before Midnight* (top), John Miles, Webster in *Black Rapier* (top), Rittenhouse, Paul in *One Tiger* (top). Don't do it!

perience." Federal patronage, too, is plummeting down from last year's \$100,000 to \$25,000 while local French-language theatre funding went up to government subsidy funding based on local audience potential. "Most of the normal members are going to work in a minority situation," said Rittenhouse, starting from an ungranted Lake Manitowish. Rittenhouse, moral support is coming from the region's majority French-speaking society, including nearby Sher-

brooke's professional Theatre de l'Arche, whose general manager, Michel Bernier, is promoting Festival Lennoxville to his own subscribers. Rittenhouse says: "We want to develop taste for theatre and we want to do so by going beyond the language lines—each of us must share at least part of the other's culture." Bernier, whose government grants have increased, says Festival Lennoxville is now a competition for funds with purely regional theatres: "It should be accepted as a national festival on the same level as Stratford."

Festival Lennoxville itself wants to be the showcase for Canadian plays performed at least once in national theatres. W.D. Mitchell's whimsical *The Monk* (top) of Walter MacCrannan delighted the entire audience with its tender poke at Prairie piety and hypocrisy as the village robber and sinister team up to beat the devil at his own game. Hugh Webster as MacCrannan and Michael Hall as Satan stake the robber's soul against a guaranteed victory for MacCrannan's small-town rack at the Macdonald Hotel. *Black Rapier*'s best laughs came in the second act's matchstick played on a menacing sheet of wood and without violent with accomplished actors from a local club slaking their rocks from allures.

The most courageous and successful play of the season is Sharon Pollock's *One Tiger* is a *Mac*, based on a hostage-taking incident in a British Columbia penitentiary where guards killed six and a female rehabilitation officer was murdered to be sexually involved with her captor. Fought with potential for excessive pity for contrived killer Tommy Paul, played by Brian Paul, the performance, under the direction of Richard O'Connor, manages to maintain suspense and sympathy for all the characters. It also cures the necessary grey pen of its theme and set.

The Canadian motif in Peter Gallo's *I'll Be Back for You Before Midnight* is buried in Gordon Lightfoot's background working as a steady life with into an isolated farm house. Other than that, the themes are internationally fashionable sibling rivalry, masculine masculinity, blackmail, violence and, of course, death. The script is sometimes as murky as the farmhouse floor and the effect is like the sister's wedding but is blown into breath—but as a thriller it works, particularly for kids who screamed to the actors: "Don't, don't do it."

Festival Lennoxville's 1980 season is thoroughly professional and provides audiences, both French- and English-speaking, with a window on the English-Canada theatre—and one in a corner of the house that enjoys one of the country's best light. David Thomas

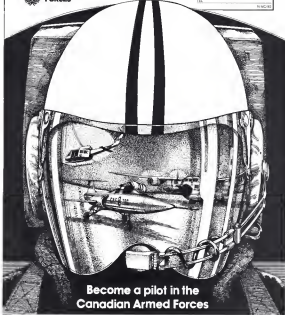
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# A summertime fantasy: let the good times roll

By Allan Fotheringham

**T**ime now, folks, for the summer revival of the Free Federation Current Events Win Quiz. Only one entry per customer mark! will be awarded for prospects of reply—and answers. Entries must be in triplicate.

1. Premier Bill Davis of Ontario, Miss Piggy's version of a statesman, is attending the Republican presidential convention in Detroit. Do you believe this is because:

(a) he secretly loves Ronnie Reagan's hair cut?  
(b) he secretly loves Ronnie Reagan's mind cut?  
(c) he openly craves Ronnie's eye crinkles?

2. You are a Calgary businessman. When do you expect, considering the peril that the Heritage Fund may fall over any day from its own weight and tank your neck, to the Mr. Warrent of Canada?

(a) Marc Lalonde?  
(b) Mr. Trudeau?  
(c) Harold Ballard?

3. The Liberal Party of Canada, one of the great charitable organizations of our time, has started as its new party president a Hornshead Phoenix car-pooling by the name of Norman MacLennan. What do you think are his prospects of being appointed to the Senate of Canada, that adored Valhalla of high minds, distinguished scholars and faded ladies?

(a) considerable?  
(b) a few months?  
(c) when his charges race out?

4. Identify, by name, within 10 seconds, Canada's External Affairs minister. How can you tell?

5. Compare the odds of the Toronto Argonauts becoming the Grey Cup champions in late November with the Liberal government's ability of explaining, by the same date, how it is now going to have to raise the price of gasoline at about the same rate as the Joe Clark government.

Allan Fotheringham is a columnist for the FP News Service.

turned on would have to take place.

6. Harold Ballard has not visited Durty Rittler for at least a fortnight. Is this because:

(a) the Toronto headlines have been consumed with the Olympics?  
(b) Harold has been into the bush?  
(c) Harold, the ultimate boy-jock newspapering as a rule, has decided his Hamilton Tiger-Cats need publicity more?

(a) the pay of being in power, again, with a majority government achieved without western support? Think carefully.

12. If asked to select from the anthology of Herb Gray politicians, which would you choose?

13. Is a warlike contest between Peter Lougheed and Bill Bennett, would there be a winner? Explain.

14. John Crosbie's wife, explaining what happened to her husband's license badge and the fall of the Clark government, says, "The operation was a success, but the doctor died." Do you feel there is a connection between Terry and

the death wish? Please submit the last sentence from Allan MacLennan's Seed proof.

15. What do you feel is the real date of Pierre Trudeau's retirement?

(a) 1981?  
(b) when he patronize the constitutional?  
(c) Governor Stock of World Records? Respond in your answer.

16. Give your true feelings in your desire for the Toronto Argonauts to reach the Grey Cup (clashes from Alberta will be given special consideration).

17. Compose a fantasy. Imagine an imaginary nation, ruled by a man who was elected on the promise that if elected he would quit, who then threatened the provinces that if they didn't agree with him on the constitution he would create one on his own, and warns his potential successors that anyone who follows his successors hopes will be severely punished. This is a fantasy. Let your imagination roll.

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